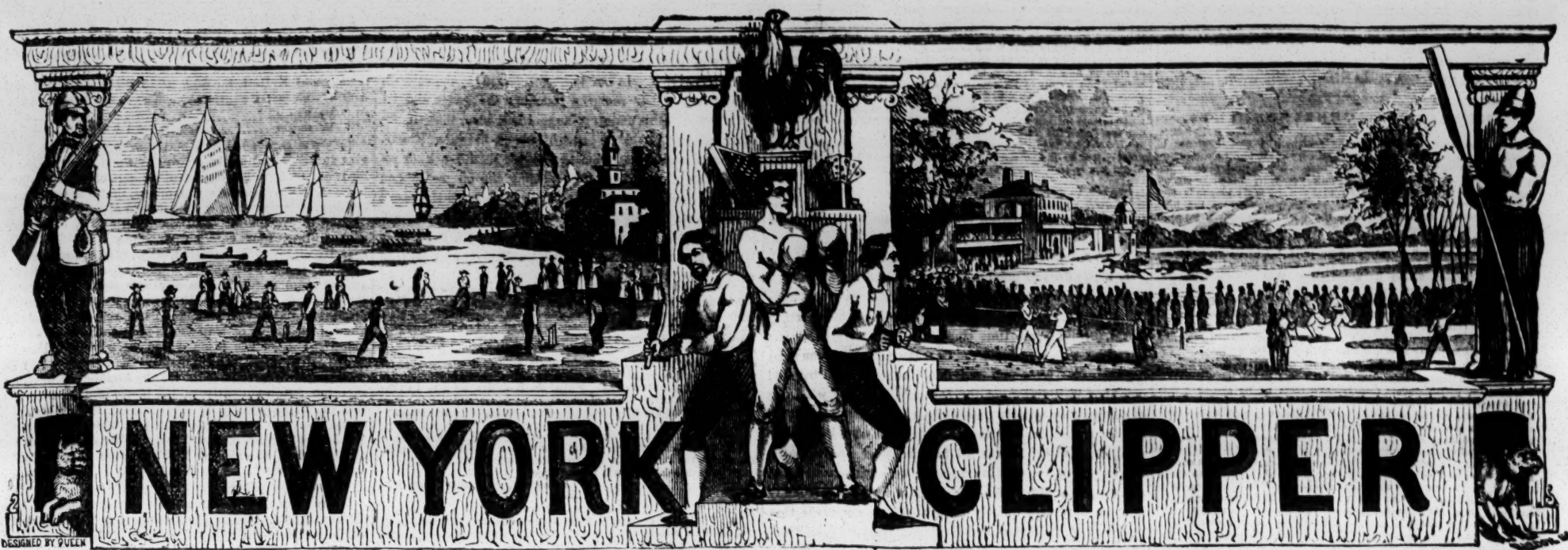
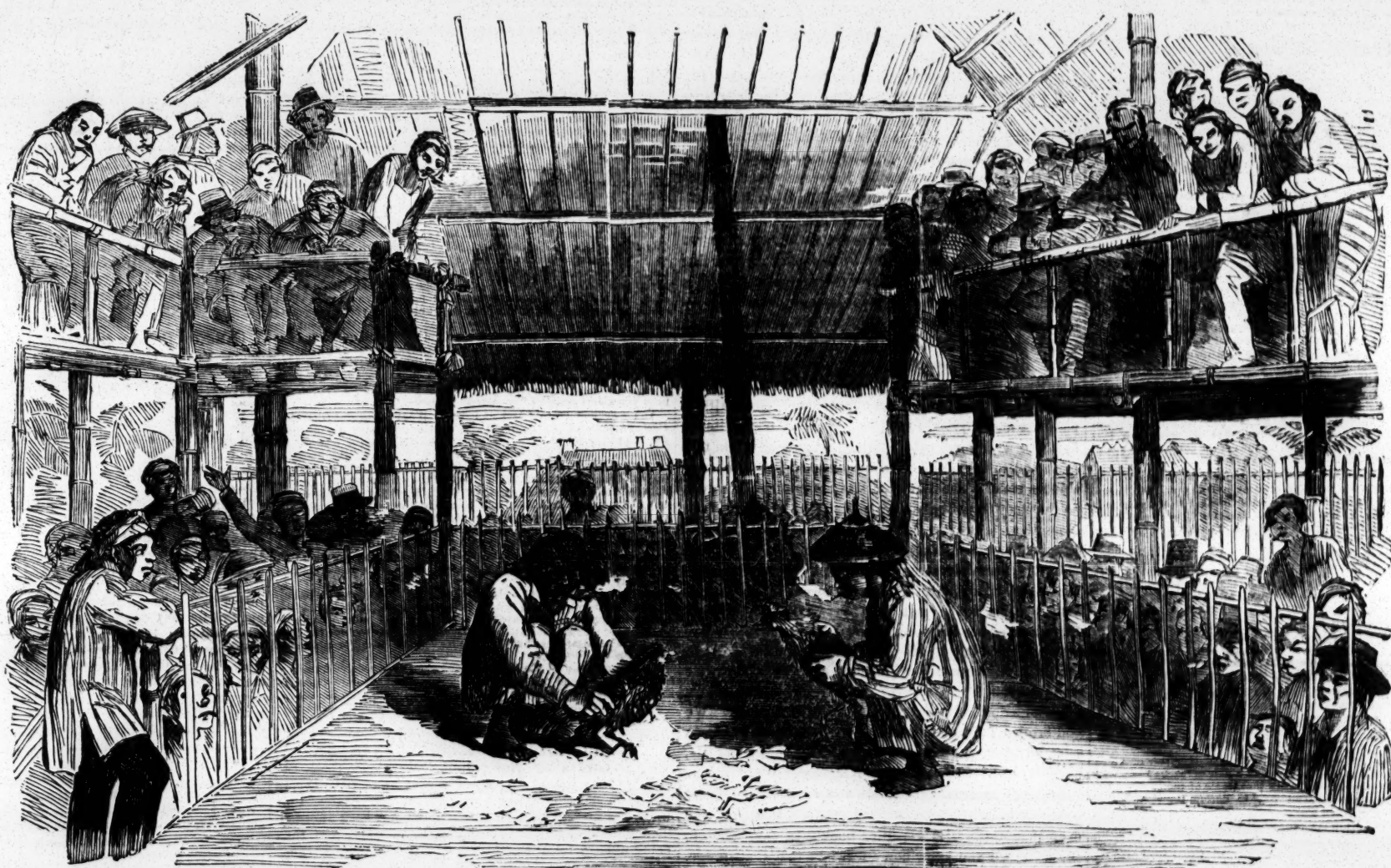




Vol. V.—No. 41.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

Four Cents.



COCK-FIGHTING AT MANILLA.

I THINK the Indians' idea of paradise is one vast cock-pit; you never see the rascals in their full glory; but here the very Celestials are bitten with the mania, and back their birds against anybody's. The "function" only takes place on Sundays and high days. The betting almost beats Epsom; but, to their praise be it said, they are most honorable in paying what they have lost. An American naval officer one afternoon won eighty dollars, but, giving

it to a sailor to put on board as he was to drive out, it all slipped out of his hand and fell into the sea, "soon, soon, soon lost." The cock's spurs are as sharp as razors, and often "rooster" falls dead at first start. Should a cock show any timidity, the niggers yell a high pressure shriek in the most frantic manner; and, as there is always an unfortunate white feather among the "gallos," the above sound often fills the air on Sunday afternoons. The match

commences by two fellows starting the cocks, and getting their steam up. As soon as No. 1 has beaten No. 2 there is a short rest, and the next couple come on. This lasts till dusk, when "all creation" may be seen coming out, like a torrent of live shirts, with dead and living cocks; added to which is a smart sprinkling of friends from our Celestial neighbors.

The village padre is often a sportsman, and, after in-

structing the interesting little natives in the way they should go in the morning, in the afternoon he teaches the cocks the way they should fight. On Sunday morning he dons his clerical costume, and exhorts his hearers, who fill the church to overflowing. On Sunday afternoon he exhorts his "rooster," and bets like any other mortal, surrounded by his admiring assembly.

[Special Cor. Illustrated London News.]

THE GAME FOWL. NUMBER ONE.

Among the Red birds we find those known as *Gingers*, *Streaky* and *Brown-breasted Reds*, *Muffs*, and *Tussells*. These two last are at least most commonly seen in this color; the distinctive mark of the "Muffs" being a beard around the throat, while "Tussells" have their name from a few long feathers forming a crest at the back of the head, like that of the lap wing plover. The latter were great favorites in Devonshire some few years since. The hens of the Streaky-breasted Reds and *Gingers* are usually dark brown or rusty black, with a little yellow on the hackle, back, and wing-coverts. The comb, too, is frequently of a dull leaden hue. In appearance, therefore, as may readily be supposed, they are far behind the partridge-colored hens of the Black-breasted Reds. Let us, however, do full justice to their figure, which combines strength and activity of no ordinary kind, and with the clear determined eye and resolute bearing, proclaim them no unfitting helpmates for their more gorgeous husbands, and both willing and able to assist them in the hour of peril.

Duckwings are among the most beautiful of all game fowls. The cocks vary in the color of their hackle, saddle-feathers, and breasts; the hackle and saddle-feathers of some strains being nearly white, in others yellow; while with some again the breasts are black, with some streaky and with some grey.

The *Black-breasted Duckwing* cock should be as follows: Breast and thighs coal-black; eye full and brilliant, and inclined to red; hackle and saddle-feathers bright straw-color; back and shoulders a rich coppery orange; tail deep iridescent green; wings marked with a lustrous metallic purple, or rather greenish-purple band, similar to that of the duck, whence its name; pinions light brown; legs and beak bluish grey.

The *hen*, too, is an extremely handsome bird: Back and wings of a light grey or mouse-color, delicately lined or picked out with white; breast a warm reddish-brown (called a robin breast); with the neck shaded black and white or creamy grey.

In the *Grey-breasted Duckwings* we should require still lighter legs and beak. In the general appearance of its plumage it resembles the former bird, grey being substituted for black.

Game fowls of unquestionable purity are often seen with entirely black plumage; but, generally speaking, the cocks have the yellow bar on the wing coverts, which has

given them the name of "*Brassy-winged*." The hens are without this peculiar marking, which is not fully developed till the third year.

While we give the above as the correct distinction of the brassy-winged bird, we are aware that fowls of varied plumage are often jumbled together in this class, and that any tinge of yellow on any part of the wing, or even on the scapulars which hang over it, has been thought to justify this designation. But although Greys, and sometimes, though very rarely, Reds or *Gingers*, may approach this marking, we hold that the term should be strictly limited to the black birds.

The *Worcestershire Black Game*, that have been exhibited by Mr. Wilson, of Redditch, possess great merit. In these the bar on their wing often verges towards a coppery or red tint.

The *Furness Game fowl* is sometimes termed a *pile*, but erroneously, as no white should be visible in its plumage, and a *pile* must be a combination of white with some other color. It derives its name from one of the hundreds in the county of Lancashire, and is a fowl of good repute. The cock has a black body, with buff or golden saddle-feathers. Their courage is highly spoken of, but of late years they appear to have become scarce. The hen is black, with hackle slightly marked with the same color as the cock's saddle.

In this class we have also *Polecats*, which appear to be the same strain under another name, the only distinction being the appearance of lighter shades on the saddle, and occasionally on the wing and hackle also.

The *Piles* are the Game fowls whose plumage has a proportion of white for one of its component colors. They are usually heavy birds, and in many districts are very highly esteemed. The cocks of all the various strains of *Piles* are red and white, or yellow and white, in one or other of the shades of those colors; but the markings of each individual vary so greatly, that it is somewhat difficult to describe their exact management. The object of breeders is to get the colors as distinct and as brilliant as possible; thus, a very beautiful *Pile* cock might be pictured by supposing the change of all the black feathers of a black-breasted red bird into white. Those best known are the *Worcestershire*, the *Staffordshire*, and the *Cheshire Piles*.

The difference between these and some other provincial varieties is enveloped in much confusion, a circumstance little to be wondered at, when we consider the probable origin of the whole class as resulting from crosses between

the red and white breeds. Thus, as we might suppose, sports are frequent, and their component colors are varied in every possible proportion.

The *Cheshire Pile* may be described as of a deep chestnut on the back and wings, while the *Staffordshire* has a lighter tint of yellow; and the *Worcestershire Piles* are again subdivided into the cream-colored and blue. The hens of the former are mainly of that color, while the cocks display the same, with the addition of black, red, and white. The *Blue Pile* hen has a tint of that color prevailing in her plumage, while the cock unites black, red, white, and blue. The legs and beaks of both kinds are commonly of an olive color. To Mr. Wilson, of Redditch, we are indebted for this notice of varieties that have been in his possession for many years.

Blues and greys have a dull slate breast, with straw-colored hackle and saddle-feathers. The hens are wholly of the former color.

Mr. Dixon, it will be remembered, has given a chapter to the *Blue dun* fowl; but this bird, if indeed it can be regarded as a separate variety, should rather, we think, be classed among the game fowls; though doubts may be felt as to its title for admission as a distinct member of that family, however closely it may in some points resemble them. Their general color is a soft slate blue, the hackle and wing-coverts being tinged with yellow, with dashes of black on the sickle feathers. But even the most carefully-selected birds are found to throw chickens of other colors, and this would induce us to class them as an accidental variety of the blue or gray birds, whenever their form and courage are sufficient to indicate the purity of their blood. But if we should remove them from the game list, we must confess our inability to assign them the position of a distinct family.

The *Red-dun*, as its name implies, is marked with a reddish tint on the hackle, wing, and saddle feathers. The combination of this color with the dun gives a striking appearance to the plumage.

The *Cuckoo* repeat the colors of the Dorking so called, each feather displaying three or four bars of dark gray delicately shaded into the white ground color.

The *Berches yellow* cock has a yellow and black streaked breast, blackish gray thighs, tail and belly nearly black, with the remainder of the plumage yellow. The hen is an extremely pretty bird, her body very dark, almost approaching black, with a light cloud of gray on each feather, the hackle being edged with white.

The following communication, with reference to a

cinnamon-colored breed of game fowls, was made to us by Mr. Andrews of Dorchester:

"A few years since I saw some very singular Game fowls, large, and of a dark cinnamon color, both cock and hen; the cock with a very small and straight tail; and indeed so much like the hen, that they were called 'hennies'."

A bird possessing this same characteristic, as regards form, must have at one time existed in Cornwall, as we hear constant allusion to the "*Henny piles*" of bygone days.

This curious variety is thus alluded to by Mr. Thurnall, who speaks of it as the "*hen-cock*." "The hens very closely resemble those of Lord Derby's breed of black-breasted reds, and the cock's plumage in no way varies from that of the hen—for he possesses neither hackle, saddle, nor sickle feathers—the tail being very little more developed than in the hens. I regard it as a distinct variety, and to be depended upon for like producing like; the cock is a high-spirited bird, and I have been told that their courage has been often proved."

At some recent exhibitions very handsome birds have been shown as *Indian Game fowls*; and their brilliant white plumage, with figure and carriage fulfilling all our required conditions, have attracted general attention to the class so denominated. But on instituting inquiries as to their introduction—doubts, previously existing in our mind, were strongly confirmed. The real Indian bird is a heavy lumpy fowl, whose coarse head, thick neck, low legs, and general bad figure, would at once distinguish it from our English breed; and thus the fowls in question appeared so much at variance on these points with those imported birds that were known to us, and the stock thrown by them when crossed with our own fowls, that relationship seemed hardly possible; we inferred, therefore, that these white birds were incorrectly called Indian.

A friend, on whose judgment we place great reliance, strongly confirms this opinion. "The Indian fowl is just as you mention; indeed, I think he may be described as decidedly ugly, and although Game, he does not show the courage of our own; and certainly the admirers of this breed have no right to assign all white Game fowl to an Indian origin. The English white Game resemble the other colors in shape, courage, and quickness. The only inferiority I have observed in them is, that they are not so hard and close in their feather as the dark; and I much question whether that may not be a general in most white breeds."—W. H. M.—[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CLARK HEN, East Boston.—Please enlighten a new beginner in breeding fowls, by giving the cause and cure of the pip. The occurrence of a dry horny scale upon the tongue is generally regarded as characteristic of this disease, which, however, is by some confounded with gapes. We are quite assured that the dry scaly tongue is only a symptom caused by some other disease, which forces the fowl (which habitually breathes through the nostrils) to breathe through the mouth; in this case the constant current of air dries the tongue, which becomes hard at the point, and assumes a very horny character. Thus, in any inflammatory affection of the windpipe, in gapes, catarrh, or roup, when the nostrils are closed by the discharge, the pip, as it is termed, makes its appearance. It should be regarded, however, as a symptom only, and not as the disease itself. The treatment varies with the cause. In all cases the mouth should be frequently moistened; and if the scaly tongue and membrane is loose, it should be removed. Two or three drops of nipping oil at the end of the tongue in chickens is still practised in some parts of the country; it is almost needless to say that it is alike useless and barbarous.

STAMPA, Boston.—In our last we stated, in answer to a correspondent, that the Cunard steamship company had never lost a steamer. Our Boston correspondent (Steamer) corrects us, by stating "that the steamship bimonthly of the Cunard line, (built expressly for that line, and a sister ship to the Acadia, Britannia, and Caledonia,) sailed from Boston on the 1st of July, 1843, and was totally lost on Black Ledge, near Seal Island, a few days afterward." As we obtained our information on the authority of an *Atlantic* of the Cunard office, in this city, we again call at that office on the receipt of the above letter, and exhibited our correspondent's statement to those present, who informed us that "the steamer ran ashore in a fog, with pilot on board, and that no lives were lost." They assert that the company never lost a steamer at sea. This, however, is another matter. The fact is now established that the Cunard company did lose a steamer. Our correspondent "W. C. of Brady's Bend," and our readers generally, will please excuse us for the error into which we were led last week.

ARLST, Philad'a.—The following question is left for you to decide: "Who is the strongest man in the show business, or who is the man who has lifted the heaviest weight?" The Baltimore *Clipper* stated recently that Mons. Paul was the strongest man in this country, he having lifted 1800 lbs. Now, in reading one of the Richmond, Va. papers, I noticed that a Mr. Madison performed the feat of lifting twelve men, (the lightest of whom weighed 150 lbs.) three at a time, weighing 600 lbs., and the platform, on which the whole were placed, 100 lbs., making in all the round number of 2,500 lbs. If this is the case, he is certainly entitled to the appellation of the "Cast Iron Man," with which I see you have dubbed him. Please state who is the *officer* of the country, or what is the heaviest weight that has been lifted *and you know of*. We are unable to state whether Mr. Madison's feat, above referred to, has ever been surpassed. Perhaps some of our correspondents can enlighten us.

JAMES WILSON, Philad'a.—On Thursday last a raffle came off at the Chamber House, for five prizes, the three highest throws to take choice, and the two lowest take choice of remaining prizes; ties to throw off. A throw 45, B. 43; C. 43; D. 41; E. 21; F. 21. A selected his choice; B and C throw off; C throw 36, B 35, 21; 21's choice. The judge decided that, inasmuch as B, in throwing off, fell below D, who was 41, the third prize fell to him, and so awarded D the prize. Now, when there were five high, how can the sixth man come in? Please answer. The judge decided erroneously—the second and third prizes were won by B and C, the throwing off being merely to decide who should take choice of the two prizes. D was not entitled to a prize.

G. N. Dobb's Ferry.—1. There are no pictures of Hyer, Sullivan, Gardner, etc., in the market. A few English prints were lately brought over, but they are not worth the money asked for them, \$5 each. 2. A good set of boxing gloves will cost you \$5, and Italian, \$1. 3. You attentive reader, or you might have noticed in a recent number of the *Clipper* an article announcing the death of John Diamond, the dancer.

W. D. B. St. Louis.—The best cricket material suitable for playing matches will cost you as follows, exclusive of freight: First quality match bats, \$1.50 each; do do balls, \$2.50 each; stumps, from \$3 to \$4; leg guards, \$3; batting gloves, \$2.50 per pair; and other things in the same ratio. We are not positive, but are of opinion that Drake's balls are most used. By all means get the club started again. St. Louis without a cricket club! What an idea!

F. R. Bridgeport, Conn.—1. Barlow's time of 4:36, as given in our pictorial Time Table, is the best on record in this country. The Buck's reported time of 4:34 is not sufficiently authenticated to warrant us in placing record in it. 2. Peter Corcoran fought and defeated Turner, Dalton, Davis, Hart, Peters; he was beaten by Harry Sellers, supposed to have been a cross.

CARL N. Black Rock, N. Y.—1. We can send you the Nos. containing a treatise on cocking. 2. Mr. F. Butler recently published a work on the dog, in which a single chapter is devoted to the subject of training dogs for fighting; price of the book, \$1.25. 3. This work will probably answer your purpose better than any other.

C. H. H. Rochester.—All *Phurs*—"A and B are playing a game of seven-up; A is five, B is six; B deals; A holds the king and ten spot; B holds the Jack of trumps, alone, leads an odd suit, upon which B saves his Jack, and claims the game. Please decide who wins?" A wins with his king and ten, high and low.

CANDIDA SUBSCRIBER, Andover, C. W.—Who were the candidates for President and Vice President in 1836, on both sides? Candidates for President—Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, Hugh L. White, Daniel Webster, Willie P. Mangum. Vice President—R. M. Johnson, Francis Grauger, John Tyler, Wm. Smith.

R. CARTWRIGHT.—Foker—"Which is the best hand, a pair of kings and a pair of queens, or a pair of kings and a pair of Jacks? Kings and three wins. Hoyle is the only work that treats of the games mentioned, but it is very imperfect, and fails to decide the various disputes that constantly occur in play.

BILLIARD ROOM, Haverhill, Mass.—Russian Billiards—"Is it absolutely necessary that a hazard alone should be made to count out, or can a person count out by a carom and hazard together?" Carom points will not count to win the game. The winning stroke must be a hazard alone. Your opponent would be a hazard alone.

G. W. Eakin, Dublin, Ireland.—We have received a letter from this gentleman, who is anxious to ascertain the whereabouts of a brother now supposed to be residing in America. If the latter should see this, and will send us his address, we will forward him the letter in question.

JONATHAN DORWAT, Lancaster.—As you consider five dollars too much for advertising your game fowls in the *Clipper* three months, you are welcome to the amount. However, we will not advertise for you under any consideration.

J. C. P.—1. In the fight between Sullivan and Hyer, the former did not give the latter a fair, clean knock down blow. 2. The address, as given, is correct. 3. Communications should reach us by Tuesday morning, but Monday would answer better.

A SUBSCRIBER, Philad'a.—Your remarks are frivolous in the extreme. We stated that they were young players (not boys, as you remark,) and inexperienced, for which we want no other proof than the average themselves. Was not Senior barred in the match you refer to?

J. R. Triverton.—A stag is readily distinguished from a cock, by its softness of the lower end of the breastbone, which is only a sack in the stag, but a firm hard bone in the cock. The difference arises from the size of the legs of the two fowls is also a distinguishable mark in the trot.

PHILAD'a.—Eucher—"A and C having, as partners, made the two tricks, and A by one of the partners, playing alone, then four points are scored."

A. M. B. Augusta, Ga.—There is no work in print at present that gives the information for the accommodation of yourself and others we will shortly give.

J. M. S. Cincinnati.—You are "stanzas on the deciding heat for the Casserewich" are faulty in many respects, and, in addition, rather behind time.

NEW YORK'S FRIEND, Philad'a.—We believe the "Dewy" did challenge any yacht of her length on New York waters, but the challenge was not accepted.

H. S. W. Westfield, Mass.—You may obtain what you need by addressing a line to Matthias Rusk, No. 1217 North Fourth street, Philadelphia. We really have no time to attend to such letters.

H. O. Cleveland.—The debt of Great Britain, as recently published in the *Clipper*, reads thus:—Three billion nine hundred and seventy-nine million six hundred and fifteen thousand dollars.

HENRY SMALL, Port Jervis.—The song of "The Red, White, and Blue," was written and composed by David T. Shaw, and arranged for the piano by T. A. Becket.

PHONIX.—We have no record, neither can we ascertain the exact date of the burning of the Richmond Hill Theatre, nor of the date of the last performance that took place there.

KNOW NOTHING.—Harry called upon us, and we gave him the "dime."

R. N.—1. The Bunola Boy is over six feet in height. 2. A room of such dimensions would not hold it all.

S. P.—Count was defeated twice by Bendigo, and the latter was beaten once by Count.

X. Y. Z.—Yankoe Sullivan left this country when he went to England to fight Hammer Lane.

SUBSCRIBER, Salem, Mass.—Lady Suffolk died in the town of Bridport, Vt.

J. B. Hartford.—Bohn's Handbook of Games is the only work that we know of that treats of the game.

BONITA, Philad'a.—Would be pleased to have the address of Meer-schaum.

J. N. C. Philad'a.—The one holding the least number of spots wins.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

DEPTFORD, Putnam, Ohio, Jan. 18, 1858.—Mr. F. QUINN—I have a pair of pointers, dog and slut, which I value very highly; the slut I had imported from France; the last two litters I had had luck with my pups, only two living; they died with the distemper. I wish you would give me, through the columns of your paper, the best remedies and preventives for the cure of that disease. By so doing you will oblige, Yours respectfully, J. H. LARUM.

PROTECTION OF GAME.—Quebec, Jan. 20, 1858.—Editor NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Sir: Would you be kind enough to inform me whether any club or society exist in the States, instituted for the purpose of protecting the game and fish of any particular State. If such society or club be now in existence, or even if it be extinct, could you procure for me a copy of its constitution and by-laws. A society is in process of formation here, having for its object the carrying into force of the game and fishery statutes, and also the securing necessary amendments thereto at the next session of Parliament. Had we in our possession the constitution and by-laws of any society organized for like objects, the probability of mistakes on our part would to a great extent be provided against. If you have anything of the kind would you be kind enough to send it on to me by express by post. Yours, &c., M. H. K.

[We believe there is a society of this kind in Philadelphia. If our friends will favor us with a copy of their constitution and by-laws, they will oblige us, and further the interests of the cause.—Ed. CLIPPER.]

STEALING OUR THUNDER.

It really does us good to witness the alacrity with which some of our contemporaries bestir themselves when anything of an exciting nature transpires in the sporting world. Now, some time since, when we were flattering ourselves with a rush for the *CLIPPER* containing the fight between Nat Langham and Ben Caunt, lo! and behold! neighbor Williamson, of the *Dispatch*, took the wind out of our sails by quietly publishing a full report of that affair in his Sabbath journal, two or three days before our publication day. It was all fair, however, and we satisfied ourselves by counting up what we *might have made* had our neighbor not stolen our thunder. And on Monday last, we were very quietly congratulating ourselves that the news of the Sayers and Benjamin fight for the Championship arrived just in season to deprive our Sabbath friends of the profits to be made out of this "go," and calculating what a nice thing we would have of it, all to ourselves, and wondering what we should do with the odd change the "fight" would bring to our money-drawer, when, horrible to relate, we were astounded to hear the news-boys crying out: "extra *Leader*—full account of the great fight!" All our dreams of increased happiness and additional coppers vanished in an instant, and we consoled ourselves by "cyphering up" our "expected" gains, providing friend Clancy (who, by-the-by, is the worthy President of the Board of Aldermen, and the respected Chairman of "the latest Corruption Investigating Committee") had not so dexterously, and without malice aforethought, published the fight in his political journal, the *Leader*, two days ahead of us, and thus knocked our calculations higher than a kite. As we said before, we welcome our friends into the sporting arena, and hope they may derive more gratification in a pecuniary, as well as social point of view, from their acquaintance and intercourse with our class of readers, than they seem to have met with in their relations with their own. As one by one our contemporaries cautiously and silently enter the sporting ranks, we hope they will assist us in battling against the opponents of our healthful pastimes and physical exercises. Some of our editorial brethren talk fight, others talk horse, others again talk boat, and so on to the end of the chapter, just as circumstances make it necessary. It matters not to us, however, so that they do not get off the track, and injure themselves. Now, there is Brother Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*—he talks horse, and takes such an interest in that noble animal, and the pleasures attached to a "life on the road," that he has managed to become the owner of one of the fastest teams to be met with anywhere. But brother Bonner drives too fast, for a "novice," and the other day he got pitched out of his wagon, and received a slight contusion, accompanied with some confusion; the latter brought about by the "boys" taking advantage of our neighbor's downfall, and passing him like a streak. We said brother B. has a fine team—we repeat it, he has a splendid team, but if he does not "hold his horses" a little, he will destroy them in a few months. We wish our "sporting" contemporaries well, and we would do almost anything to serve them, but they must not strike out too deep at first, (Comley's spelling book says *never* go into the water till you know how to swim—that's all fudge, however) or all our efforts to preserve them will be in vain. Even abroad, we find our contemporaries "edging in" among the "boys." The Cincinnati *Times*, a few days ago, came out with a slashing article on the "manly art of self-defence," pitching into our pugilistic friends like a thousand of bricks. Now we understand his motive, exactly. A fight was on the tapis there, and the *Times* man wished to whet the public appetite for the report of the battle, which he intended to publish in the *Times*, at so much per copy. Its "free fight" dodge. When there's anything to be made out of the "boys," count the "respectable" press "in;" when the authorities get after our sporting friends with a sharp stick, the "respectable" editors join in the chase. Its the practice in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia; everywhere, in fact.

For the benefit of our contemporaries who may wish to enter for the next "go" for the Championship, we beg to inform them that Sayers and Tom Paddock are matched, and as Paddock is a game bit of stuff, and not likely to complain if he gets a tap on the mark, as did Benjamin, we may look for a tip-top fight. It will be well worthy the consideration of our neighbors, and we hope to see all "put in" for it.

WALKING THE PLANK.—There seems to be a perfect mania among our pedestrian friends for walking the plank. Although the feat of walking one hundred or more consecutive fows, without rest, is an extremely difficult one, yet very few of those who attempt the performance of such a task, seem to fail, if we are to believe the various statements that obtain currency. It is a little strange, however, that we have no vouchers from watchers as to the fact of these various feats being accomplished, which should in all cases accompany a record of such arduous performances. We shall be extremely pleased to find that the many "walks" we have lately recorded have a firm footing, and cannot be upset by any subsequent developments.

PISTOL SHOOTING.—Captain John Travis opened his new pistol gallery, in Main street, Louisville, Ky., on the 15th inst. There was a "free blow" on the occasion, and a "pop" gratis with champagne shooters.

FEAT IN SHOEING HORSES' FEET.—Mr. John Brown, who is in the employ of Thomas Rambo, blacksmith, in Water street, Reading, Pa., made in one day, 15 inst., one hundred and twenty horse shoes. We doubt whether any man, in the same line, has ever done as much in a day.

BILLIARDS.—The recent Billiard match between Messrs. Michael Phelan and Ralph Benjamin has given rise to a variety of rumors in reference to the respective abilities of these players. In our last we referred to the subject, and offered a few remarks touching the game and its champions in this country; suggesting, also, that, if another match should be brought about between Messrs. Benjamin and Phelan, neither player should ask, or receive odds of the other, thus placing the contestants on an equal footing, and setting at rest, through the result of such a match, the question as to superiority. The following correspondence, brought about by a card from Mr. Benjamin, which we recently published, will be read with interest:

NEW YORK, January 26, 1858.
 Editor N. Y. *Clipper*.—Dear Sir: As Mr. Benjamin's card has appeared in your paper last week, I would ask as a matter of fair play, that you publish the correspondence in full, which I enclose herewith. I would much rather let the matter rest—not coveting such laurels as could be won from Mr. Benjamin—but as the individual evidently seeks notoriety, and as I was unfortunate enough to countenance his first attempt, I suppose the penalty of having my name associated with must be endured. When Mr. B. thinks he has had the "worth of his money" out of me in advertising, will he be good enough to let me know?
 Yours truly, M. PHELAN.

785 and 788 BROADWAY, N. Y., Jan. 9, 1858.
 Mr. RALPH BENJAMIN.—Sir: Will you please inform me if you acknowledge the enclosed card as emanating from you?
 An immediate answer will much oblige,
 Yours, &c., MRS. M. PHELAN.

94 CHATHAM STREET, N. Y., Jan. 9th, 1858.
 Sir: The article enclosed in your favor of this day was written by me, and I am prepared to play you on the same terms as we played last, providing you allow me to choose the Table.
 Yours, &c., RALPH BENJAMIN.

P. S. What I mean in choosing the Table, is, any Table I may choose to play on not of your or L. & B. make.

785 and 788 BROADWAY, N. Y., Jan. 12th, 1858.
 Mr. RALPH BENJAMIN.—Sir: On first seeing the Card published over your signature, I did you the credit of believing that the use of your name was unauthorized, and that you would at once hasten to disavow connection with statements false on your face, and advancing proposals to re-open, in a new and ridiculous form, the contest of skill between us which was decided on the 30th ult. in my favor. Of this favor on my part you have not seen fit to avail yourself; you announce that the absurd and mendacious Card was written by yourself, and then add, in a postscript to your note, a new and distinct proposition, wholly different even from those made public with your name.

In noticing your absurd proposition, I will give each in full so that the public may better appreciate both your veracity and the position I am compelled to assume in declining, after this letter, any further controversy.

On consequence by stating, last, "For the benefit of my friends I would state that I do not yet consider myself beaten." And this, though on account of your acknowledged inferiority, I gave you three points out of sixteen at your favorite game, the three-ball carom, and yet beat you (within one of two) on one in the total of our respective counts. You say further, 2d, "Although I have lost this match I am considerably ahead of Mr. Phelan in money that he lost on the former trial between us." This paragraph refers to certain games played between us some ten or eleven years ago, and in which I gave you three and four points at the French doublet game of sixteen points, and beat you in every case. Afterwards, on misrepresentations made by you, to the effect that you conceded third points on the half-ball game, and three points at the same game, I gave you five and was beaten—losing about one hundred and fifty dollars in all;—nor until afterwards did I find out that the party you misrepresented had always played you even. I won \$1,000, in the last match, as you probably know; and lost \$150 in the former games, through placing too much confidence in your pretences as regarded Mr. Cooke, and yet in the paragraph noticed you assert yourself "considerably ahead."

You conclude in this fashion: 3d, "What I wish now is for Mr. Phelan to put up \$1,000 against \$1,000 of mine, and play a few games for, say \$50 or \$100 a game, and thus decide this question, which is the best player? I wish it understood that each (shall) have the liberty of stopping when he pleases." The question, "which is the best (better) player?" has been abundantly decided by the match lately played in Philadelphia, and for which you yourself, Mr. Benjamin, made all the arrangements and selected every point that you could hope any advantage from. Besides, under no circumstances is it possible that there can be a question "which is the better player" between us. By asking and taking odds on every occasion, you acknowledged and continue to acknowledge your inferiority; and the only question that can be raised between us, is as to the degree and gross amount of that inferiority on your part.

Every one must see at a glance that your proposition to put up \$1,000, and the play for \$50 or \$100 a game—each party having the liberty to stop when he pleases—is a wretched and most deplorable shuffle. Neither \$50 nor \$100, nor \$500, would pay me for the loss of time and disarrangement of business which these troublesome matches cost.

In conclusion of the last letter you shall ever receive from me, I would recommend you, since notoriety seems your only object, to find out and bet with and play some third or fourth-rate billiard player with whom you may contend on equal terms.
 Yours, &c., MICHAEL PHELAN.

GRAND PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

LOVERS OF THE TRIGGER! ATTENTION!
 It has long been a subject of regret among the lovers of pigeon shooting in different parts of the States, that up to the present time no opportunity has been afforded them of having a re-union among themselves, and thus being able to form the personal acquaintance of those whose names are already familiar to each other from their performances in this branch of sporting. To the "Trigger," the *CLIPPER* has always devoted considerable space and attention, and few matches have taken place of any importance that have not been fairly and faithfully recorded in our columns. With a view, therefore, of giving an impetus to the sport, as well as affording an opportunity of thus effecting a re-union among the admirers of pigeon shooting, it has been proposed to establish a grand pigeon shooting tournament in the city of New York, open to the whole of the United States, to come off on Monday and Tuesday, the 1st and 2nd of March next. We publish the programme of the proposed sport, and we think it highly calculated to attract the attendance of the "knights of the trigger" from all parts of the Union, as the number and value of the prizes offered, present great inducements to competitors. The winner of the first prize in the principal stake will also be fairly entitled to claim the title of champion pigeon shooter in America. It is proposed then, to have two days shooting, to comprise three principal sweepstakes, and those incidental matches which will naturally arise in the meeting of the crack shots of the United States on the occasion. The first and principal sweepstakes will be of thirty members, at ten dollars (\$10) each member, to be divided as follows: The winner to receive \$200; the second \$60; and the third \$40; subject to a deduction of 2½ per cent for expenses. Each member to shoot in accordance with the Red House rules, at 12 birds each, ground trap, 1½ oz shot, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary. To be shot out on Monday, the 1st March.

The second sweepstakes to consist of thirty members, at \$5 each member; to be divided as follows: The 1st or winner to receive \$100; 2d, \$30; 3d, \$20; subject to the same conditions as the above, and shot for on the same day.

The third sweepstakes, (to be shot for on Tuesday, the 2nd March,) to consist of thirty members, at \$3 each member, to be divided as under: the winner to receive \$50, 2nd \$25, 3rd \$15, subject to the same conditions in every respect as the two preceding sweepstakes.

In case any of the preceding do not fill, the money in each of them to be divided in the above proportion; and in case a greater number of members enter than thirty, the same proportion of division to be observed.

We shall next week enter more fully into the details of this great meeting; in the meantime, we invite the co-operation and assistance of our friends in Philadelphia, Boston, Reading, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Albany, and other places, in obtaining nominations. All nominations to be made to the Editor of the *CLIPPER*, and the subscription forwarded at the same time, the party so entering to state which sweepstakes he is desirous of becoming a member of. The ground fixed upon is one well adapted for the purpose, easy of access, and will be properly staked out for the occasion, and the birds provided will be of the best description.

We shall in our next *CLIPPER*, publish the Red House Rules of Pigeon Shooting, which are the acknowledged authority of this sport. We shall also enter into the details of the affair, and in the meantime shall be glad to receive any suggestions or communications on the subject from our correspondents and readers.

PIGEON SHOOTING AT NEWARK.—On Monday last, a good day's sport was furnished by Mr. Tichenor, of Newark, for the lovers of pigeon shooting. The proceedings of the day commenced with a match between Messrs. Gomer and Kellett, for \$50, at 13 birds each, and were won by the latter gentleman. The score was as under:

Mr. Kellett.....10010011011-4
 Mr. Gomer.....00010000010-2

This was succeeded by a match between Messrs. Tompkins and Stevens, and was won by the former, killing 3 birds out of 5, to his opponent's 2, out of the same number. A sweepstakes of six members, that was subsequently shot for, resulted in a tie between Messrs. Turner and Taylor, of New York, and Mr. Pilkington, of Newark, each killing four consecutive birds. Owing to the scarcity of pigeons provided, this match could not be shot off, and the sweepstakes was consequently divided among those parties. The day was beautifully fine for the occasion, a capital locality was selected for shooting, and there was a very numerous and respectable attendance of the lovers of trap shooting from Newark and the neighborhood. The birds, which were provided by Mr. Wilby, of Newark, were of the best description, and this will in some degree account for the apparently mediocre shooting. Subsequently, at the house of the latter gentleman, where several of the sporting men repaired to spend the evening, a match for \$50 was made between Mr. James Turner, of New York, and Mr. Allan Andrews, of Bloomfield, to shoot at 21 birds each, to come off at the house of the latter on Monday, the 8th February.

GYMNASIUM IN ST. LOUIS.—We are gratified in being able to state that a new gymnasium has been started in St. Louis, Mo., under the direction of Mr. James Hart, formerly of Boston. Mr. Hart has located himself in St. Louis, and his gymnasium receives the support and countenance of some of the most prominent citizens of that place. We hope to see similar institutions established over the country, so that all who desire may, for a small sum, receive instruction in the various athletic exercises, of which our young men stand so much in need. Our St. Louis friends will find Mr. Hart a thorough-going and whole-souled sporting man, who will exert himself for the welfare of his patrons.

SPORTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Dover, N. H., Jan. 21st.—FRANK QUEEN: I take this opportunity to inform you numerous readers how the sporting men of this city improve this very pleasant weather. Within the preceding week or ten days the numerous sporting men of our city have had some fine fun on Willard's pond. They have been out every afternoon, trying the speed of their fast nags. Capers, so called, owned by Brown & Baker, and driven by the former, was out, so very high that the driver was obliged to have an assistant; he was offered a stake, but declined, saying "he could not hold her." John Wiggins, well known for his skill in driving, was out with his fast sorrel, and won the applause of the crowd; he was considered the best trotter of the day.
 A CONSTANT READER.

GAME OF CORNER BALL.—Chester, January 23d, 1858.—MR. FRANK QUEEN.—We have had a game of corner ball, twelve on a side, in Old Chester, "Old Chester against Upland," for twenty-five dollars a side; they were a tie at the eleventh game; Chester had the corners, and played five on the corner to one in the pen, and came out a tie; or, rather, Upland beat Chester. Upland is ready to play Chester at any time, for the same amount.
 GEORGE THOM BUTCHER.

PENNSYLVANIA CRICKET CLUB ELECTION.—The members of this club met on Friday, Jan. 8th, and made the following excellent choice for their officers for 1858: J. Magell, President; R. Warnock, Vice President; S. Barnes, Treasurer; and W. Gurney, Secretary. Their anticipations for the coming season are of the most lively character, and full of confidence in reference to their successes in the engagements they contemplate making.

DANCING CHALLENGE.—E. Stephenson, alias Trotter Ned, the celebrated Clog Dancer, is open to dance any man in the United States for \$100 a side. Man and money can be found at the Thistle Melodeon, No. 62 Montgomery street, Jersey City, where he is engaged, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.

CANINE.

THE CROSS.—The following, in reply to a letter from Mr. Chaffers, in our last, has been handed us for publication:

To the Editor of the *CLIPPER*.—Dear Sir: In perusing your columns of last week, I observed a card of challenge, relative to the fight between his dog "Jack" and my dog "Jack." He himself has brought this under your notice, and told his own story, trying to square himself. Now, in justice to myself, and to caution the fancy at large, I will bring before your notice the manner in which Chaffers drew as into his style of fighting. He himself acknowledged he was greatly indebted to me for the benefit I gave him at my place on Tuesday evening, October 27, 1857, and the exertions I used for him and his family on that occasion, and he, at the same time, remarking how foolish I was, for a man that kept a place, to fight on the square; and how he could show me how to win money instead of losing every fight, as I have done, and suggested to me how we could make money by fighting his dog "Jack" against mine, feeling certain that his dog would be the favorite to two to one; and he then agreed to fight his dog "Jack" against mine, and he would lose the fight, providing I gave him \$125, as he himself acknowledged in your last. An agreement was made, and signed by two witnesses, and he also agreed to be bound in the agreement, the pit money and the dog was mine. I am greatly to blame for not acting up to the agreement, he says. Why did I not? This is simply the reason: the dog is not his own; it was only loaned him by a Mr. Fagan, and Chaffers himself told me that he borrowed the dog of him, and told him when he wanted it to be sent to him; and I have done so, and he has not returned it, and he has not paid me the money. I cannot plead ignorance, for I know him well before I met him; he is well known to be the biggest & fiercest in the State, a wit: Whiskey and Jack, Glass-eyed Dog and Young Tanager, Jack and Stumpy, and now the two Jacks. I do believe he himself cannot be equalled for his bad, and his dog for his good qualities. I applaud the fancy at large, whether I and my dog do or not, but I do not feel that for my dog fought till he was dead. Chaffers did not only deceive me, but he deceived his own friends, for those that would have backed his dog he persuaded them to back mine, and stuck them at that. I leave it to the fancy at large to judge whether he did what he undertook to do, or not. Perhaps, for the future, he will look before he leaps. In his statement of last week he quotes the saying that "honesty is the best policy," a maxim that he is entirely deficient in, and I would advise him to practice the old maxim that there is "honesty among thieves." Defeated, but not conquered.
 HARRY JENNINGS.

CRIBB AND JIM.—The interesting little match between John Cribb and Jim Welch's Brooklyn dog Jim comes off on Thursday evening, January 28, 1858, at 8 o'clock, at Harry Jennings's, No. 4 Madison street. We hold \$300 on account of this match.

KILLING.—Mr. John Norris has matched his celebrated black and tan dog Jerry, 18 lbs. weight, to kill 200 rats in 45 minutes, for \$100 a side. The match is to come off at Jim McLaughlin's, 165 First avenue, on Wednesday, Feb. 3. The killing will commence between eight and nine o'clock, P. M. Jerry can be matched against any dog in the world, on that night, to kill two or three hundred rats, and win of the match.

I. THOMAS HIGGINS, owner of the dog Crack, feel satisfied that he whipped that cur twice, and that cur up to now, in spite of the interference of the smart up-town dog fighters. I do not feel disposed to fight my dog against a cur again, but if any gentleman has a dog amongst the up-downers, of Crack's weight, he can be accommodated.
 THOMAS HIGGINS.

CHALLENGE.—Philadelphia, January 23—1 will fight my dog Tiger against Jonathan Robert's dog Paddy, at 32 lbs. weight, for \$200 a side, in five or six weeks from the first deposit—the fight to take place in New York. My money is ready at William Moore's, Hope Tavern, Franklin street, Kensington.
 JOHN McDONNELL.

WHISKEY AND JACK.—John McMahon's dog Whiskey, has been matched to fight Thomas Chaffers' dog Jack, 34 lbs. each, for \$300 a side. They are to fight at Mr. Jacob Roome's, 140 Church street, on the 3d of March. The dogs to weigh at one o'clock, and fight at two o'clock, P. M. We have received \$5 on account of this match.

A RAY MATCH will come off at the house of John Gedhill, 1221 Front street, above Franklin, Philadelphia, on Monday, February 1st, for a silver collar, for all dogs under 30 lbs.; dogs over 30 lbs. give rats for pounds.

THE RING.

COPE AND HOLMES' MATCH.—St. Louis, January 12, 1888.—At an exhibition given here by young Pete Bradley, of Philadelphia, a few days ago, Charley Holmes and Jack Cope, of Leeds, met; and as Jack had challenged Holmes some weeks before, Charley came from New Orleans at the call, and by mutual agreement they were to meet on the following Wednesday night, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock, to make a deposit of \$50 a side, at the New York Clipper House, and draw up articles for \$300 a side. At the appointed time Holmes and his backer were there—the latter is a sporting gent from New York. The saloon soon became well filled, and the boys remained quietly awaiting the appearance of Cope, or his friends, when it was ascertained that Cope was very ill, and could not attend; some said it was a hoax, but a person present said that he had seen him, and that he really was sick. Holmes said he came a long journey to accommodate Jack, and that he would wait some time in town and give Jack a chance to regain the laurels he had won from him before. There is a great desire to see these men matched, as they have made one of the best fights that has been seen in this part of the country. Both men seem anxious for the affair.

A MILL took place at Valley Pike, Rhode Island, on the 16th inst., between Pretty Bob, as he is called, and Short Adam, for \$50 a side. The former won the battle in forty minutes. Both men were severely punished.

MILL IN BRIDGEPORT.—A little affair took place in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Conn., on Monday last, between Bill Smith and Ned Howell. Ten rounds were fought, Smith being declared the victor. Howell was the stronger man, but Smith possessed the most science.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A HUNDRED HOURS' WALK.—The feat of walking continuously during one hundred hours, which has been accomplished in other cities, has been performed in Springfield, at Smith's bowling alley, ending at 12 o'clock Friday night, Jan. 22d. The Springfield Republican says the pedestrian was Alfred Elson, known as the "London Antelope," from his fleetness on the foot as well as his powers of endurance. His fourth and last day was decidedly the hardest. He began to lag at midnight, Thursday night, when within twenty-four hours of the goal, and his attendants had considerable difficulty in keeping him on the plank. Finally, however, by chafing his hands, he was sufficiently revived to use the dumb bells for an hour, after which he felt better. He also seemed to be encouraged by the presence of visitors, during yesterday, although at times he looked as though he was almost ready to "give out."

During the last evening there was a large number of visitors, and the interest manifested in the result was not a little enhanced by the unmistakable evidences of failing strength. His diet during the day had been stale bread and water, but he now took considerable brandy, and although at first revived by it he soon began to reel, and had nearly fallen two or three times when he was caught by those attending upon him. The last half hour was one of great difficulty, and required the constant watching and assistance of his friends, who did not hold him up and endeavor, by walking beside him, to keep him awake and renew his courage. The clock struck twelve—he had completed his hundred hours, and the very senseless exhibition was ended.

The feat being accomplished, Elson's method is to first take a warm bath, get his skin into a healthy glow, and afterwards sleep for an hour and a half. He is then waked up and walked about the room for half an hour, when he again sleeps for three hours. After another waking and walk, he goes to bed a third time and wakes up fresh.

Elson walked on a raised platform fifty feet long, and was not required to make any particular distance or speed, but only to keep constantly in motion. He therefore ate his food as he walked, having it cut up for him and taking it from a shelf at one end of the platform. When he used the dumb bells, which he often did in order to draw the circulation of blood from his legs by giving sufficient exercise to other parts of the body,—he still used his feet, going, however, very slowly.

LAMBERT AND THE BUCK'S WALKING MATCH.—This affair seems to have terminated in an unlooked-for manner, according to the following communication:

Boston, Monday afternoon.—Mr. Editor: Will you, through the medium of your valuable paper, please answer the following question regarding the pedestrian feat between Buckley and Lambert. Doubtless you remember the wording of the challenge; they were to walk without rest or sleep; the one who sat down first, fell from the plank, or went to sleep first, to lose the stakes. On Saturday evening Mr. Buckley had his horse changed, and during the changing of them, rested heavily upon the shoulder of one of the by-standers. Under these circumstances, could not Mr. Lambert have claimed the stakes? Much dissatisfaction was expressed by the crowd because he did not. Lambert did not change his attire from the time he mounted the plank until he left it. There were no articles drawn, there being simply a fair understanding between the parties. The Mayor ordered the hall to be cleared at 12 o'clock on Saturday night, or the men would be taken from the planks, and all lookers on deposited in the lock-up. The umpires decided it to be a draw-game. Both parties are anxiously anticipating a new trial, which will probably take place in the course of two or three weeks. At 11 o'clock last night one of Lambert's friends, having money at stake myself, I would like your opinion. D. M.

[There being nothing but a verbal agreement between the parties, and the judges having decided the match a draw, we do not feel warranted in interfering with their decision. The change of horse was doubtless arranged for the purpose of taking a rest; and if this were allowed in one case, other excuses might be brought forward by the other party to obtain a resting spell; our opinion is, that the parties should continue on the plank without in any manner resting.—EDITOR CLIPPER.]

P.S.—Another account says Buckley was the favorite.

POSTPONED.—The walking contest that was to have taken place on the 28th inst., at the Red House, Harlem, has been postponed owing to the unsettled state of the weather. It will come off on Thursday next, 4th inst., and a list of entries will be given in our next.

ANOTHER MATCH.—James Smith, the pedestrian, is undertaking the feat of walking 150 hours upon a plank elevated three feet from the floor, three feet wide, and twenty feet long, at the Middlesex Hall, Charlestown Neck, Mass. He started on Tuesday, January 26. The match is for \$300. He is not to rest, or sleep, or get off the plank.

SPARRING AND DANCING.—On Friday evening, January 29, an exhibition of sparring and dancing takes place at Sarsfield Hall, No. 259 Hudson avenue, Brooklyn, for the benefit of Johnny Golden. There will be a variety of clog dancing, etc., by Golden, Trotter Ned, and others.

CRIBbage MATCH.—A match game of cribbage will be played on Monday next, at the house of Wm. Butler, Ninth Avenue and 25th street, for \$50. The match is between two noted players, and will be decided by the first ten games.

FREE AND EASY.—A sing song will take place at the house of Mr. Wm. Butler, 9th avenue and 25th street, on Saturday evening, 30th inst.

JOHNNY WALKER'S MATCH with Bob Travers, the black, is going ahead, another deposit of \$75 a side having been made at last advice.

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From Bell's Life, Jan. 10.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JAN. 19.—Keefe and Hartley.—£22, London.
20.—Bob Brette and Bob Travers.—£100 a side, London.
21.—Jacques and Smith.—£25 a side, Manchester.
22.—Bodger Crutchley and Sam Millard.—£50 a side, London.
FEB. 2.—Andrews and Hawkes.—£25 a side, London.
9.—Young Broome and Tyson.—£15 a side, London.
23.—Crockett and Tyler.—£40 a side, London.
MAR. 2.—Baylis and Koyte.—£25 a side, London.
MAY 26.—Bob Travers and Johnny Walker.—£100 a side, London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

BELL'S LIFE of the 3d, in an article on the forthcoming battle, says: We cannot close these preliminary remarks without alluding to the prevalent rumors that all is not fair and above-board in this match. For our own parts we are not easily induced to believe that this style of business is as frequent as many persons assert; and, in the affair under discussion, it would strike any one but a novice as absurd to suppose that such a man as Tom Sayers, who has fought his way steadily from the bottom to the top of the tree, and through two grades of champions, could now be induced, when in the zenith of his career, to throw away all chances of future advancement for a mere present advantage. Neither is it likely that he would forego the Champion's Belt forever, which everyone knows would be the result of any misdoing. We cannot but think it is unjust to the gallant Tom to harbor such a suspicion for a moment; and we feel assured that, come what may, he will do his best to win, as he has ever done hitherto. As to Benjamin being likely to forget himself, the suspicion is equally ridiculous. He is ambitious, has everything to get by winning, and could gain no advantage by losing. We have only alluded to these rumors from the fact that they have been more than usually numerous, and not from any idea that there is the slightest truth in any of them. We feel convinced in our own mind that each man means to try his hardest, and we cordially hope that each may be well on the day, and the best may win.

FIGHT BETWEEN

TOM SAYERS AND BILL BAINGE.
(ALIAS BENJAMIN.)

For £400 and the Champion's Belt.

NEVER has it been our lot to chronicle an attempt to deprive a champion of his rightful honors, which has been so signally unsuccessful as the puny effort which was made by Broome's Novice on Tuesday last to wrest from the gallant Sayers the valuable belt which he still holds, and has yet to defend against all comers for two and a half years before it can become his own; and we may with truth add never have we been so completely nonplussed in our efforts to render a battle interesting to the public as on the present occasion. It is so very recently that we entered into a history of the Championship of England, and at the same time laid before our readers a chronicle of the previous doings of Tom Sayers, that it would, we are convinced, be waste of time and space on the present occasion to repeat the thrice-told tale. We therefore make no excuse for going at once straight to our point, and describing, to the best of our power, the doings connected with the match we have in hand.

It will be recollected that shortly after the defeat of the Tipton Slasher in the last summer, Harry Broome, accompanied by his Novice, came to our office, and a deposit was staked, which Sayers was called upon to cover forthwith, or forfeit all title to his distinction, so recently gained at the "knuckles' point." Tom, nothing loth, lost no time in complying with the request of his bold challenger; articles were quickly drawn up in an amicable manner, and we may say at once, that from first to last, the match, as far as the principals have been concerned, has been carried out in the same friendly spirit. Shortly after the articles were signed, the Novice started on a sparring tour, in company with Harry Broome, and we believe had no reason to repent of his experiment. Tom Sayers, also, paid flying visits to most of the provincial sporting towns, exhibiting his brilliant trophy, and everywhere being welcomed most warmly.

As the time for the encounter approached each man began to turn his attention more seriously to the task before him, and Benjamin in particular, under the guidance of Harry Broome, did everything that his best friends could desire to render himself physically fit for the encounter, and we do not think we ever saw a man more thoroughly up to the mark than he was on Tuesday.

Sayers, owing to some unexpected law proceedings concerning his family, was not able so soon to devote himself to work, but when he did begin, some five or six weeks back, he did not do things by halves, and what with hard work, sea-bathing, &c., he contrived to appear at the scratch in excellent form; the only fault to be found with him being that if anything he was rather too fleshy.

Before proceeding further with our narrative we may, for the information of our readers, state that Bill Benjamin's real name is William Bainge, that he was born about eight miles from Northleach, his family being very respectable, and employed in agricultural pursuits. He states himself to be 29 years of age, but from his appearance we should judge him to be five or six years older. He is a civil, good-tempered man, with a bright clear grey eye, and a pleasing expression. His height is 5ft. 10ins., his weight about 12st., and his general appearance that of a powerful, active fellow. He had never fought in the P.R. previous to Tuesday, and as far as we can learn, had had no experience even in those casual frays which sometimes induce men to betake themselves to a fistic career. In fact, the only possible ground for his attempting to adopt pugilism as a means of livelihood appears to be that he had some peculiar notions of his own as to the theory of attack and defence. How far he was able to put his theory into practice will be seen in the sequel.

The match with Sayers was not the first in which he had signed articles, though it was the first which brought him within the ropes and stakes. Some 18 months back he was matched with Bandoff, the Israelite, for £25 a side, but the latter seems to have shrunk from the contest, as he forfeited at the second deposit. Benjamin then, by the advice of Mr. Bishop of Bond street, and other friends, returned to the country, those gentlemen assuring him that he was too old to commence a pugilist's life with any chance of arriving at distinction, and well would it have been for him and those who backed him, had he adhered strictly to the advice thus disinterestedly given him.

Tom Sayers, as every one knows, is a native of Pimlico, Brighton; was born in 1826; weighs 10st. 12lb.; and stands just over 5ft. 8in. in height. His fistic career will be found in *Pittiana*. His last important fights were with Aaron Jones and the Tipton Slasher, both of whom he defeated in a manly upright manner, and without resorting to that dropping system now so common in the pugilistic hemisphere. He took his exercise first at Brighton, and finished in the neighborhood of Tunbridge Wells.

For some time after the match was made all kinds of rumors got abroad with respect thereto. Many would-be knowing ones represented Benjamin to be a perfect wonder, and, moreover, a man thoroughly acquainted with the art, both practically and theoretically. More than one person told us in confidence that it was the Bold Bengid himself, under a nom de guerre; others said it was Inston (alias Fleah) of Dudley; and in fact we scarcely know who he was not, according to the reports of all these eages. At length, when they were convinced almost against their will, they turned round and declared that the affair was got up for a robbery, and Sayers in-

tended to "chuck" it. In vain did we reason against the probability, or even the possibility, of Tom's so far forgetting himself. No; we should see in the end that it was not square, and that Sayers and his friends had been covertly taking all the odds they could get from the general public, whom they meant at the last to throw over. This last rumor we traced to the fact that Tom's friends had sent a commission into the market to back Benjamin for a small sum, in order if possible to throw Sayers back in the betting, and allow them to get on their real investments on better terms; but in this they were unsuccessful, for so widely had the rumors spread as to the battle not being genuine, that until a week ago the amount laid was of the most limited description.

The appearance of our issue of last week, however, representing the improbability of a "barney," seems to have set many of the sceptics at ease, and to have let loose the spirit of speculation, for on Saturday and Monday the investments at 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Sayers were very considerable. On Monday evening, at Swift's, the cause of Benjamin received a fillip—one gentleman present offering to bet an even penny on Benjamin to any one who would stand half a dozen of champagne; his offer was at once accepted, and he in the course of the evening laid five additional pounds on the same terms. This boldness and confidence of course made some of the layers of odds on Sayers look blue, and they refused to bet more than 5 to 4, but it strikes us as quite possible this sum was invested as a last effort to make Tom the non favorite, or else the layer must have been so assiduous in his libations to Bacchus as entirely to forget his prudence, for if he really wished to back Benjamin there were plenty of persons willing to bet him to any amount at 6 to 4.

Benjamin arrived in London on Saturday, and took up his quarters at Jemmy Massey's, Crown, Cranbourne-passage, where on that and the following days he held extensive levees, all being curious to get a glimpse of so bold an aspirant, and to verify with their own eyes the fact that he was in reality only a novice. Tom Sayers, from information he received, did not deem it prudent to come to town, but in company with one of his backers remained quiet within four miles of Tunbridge Wells until the eventful morning. His friends, however, mustered in strong force at Nat Langham's and Dismore's to learn the last bulletins as to his state of health.

The arrangement as to the fixture for Tuesday being entrusted to Mr. J. Gideon on the part of Sayers, and to Fred. Broome for the Novice, these commissioners took every possible step to secure a select and quiet company, and to prevent any annoyance from the powers that "would" be. At first a special train was decided upon, but insuperable obstacles being raised at the last moment to the intended scene of action, it was found necessary to change the venue, and the special, instead of proceeding in the direction of the well-known battle-field some 80 miles from London, was diverted in another direction, and conveyed its passengers to a spot where they at once embarked on board a vessel which had been provided for the purpose, and were thus conveyed in comfort and with celerity to another titling ground not unknown to fame—being, in fact, the scene of more than one victory on the part of Tom Sayers. So admirable were the arrangements both in London and at the pier that all were safely embarked at half past nine, and so high was the figure for conveyance there and back, that the roughs were one and all excluded, and indeed many other persons who generally contrive to be present, were compelled to button up their "clies" in despair, and make up their minds to stay away. The consequence of this was that the company was most select—not exceeding 200 persons, the men, their friends, and the ring constables included. It was a piercingly cold morning, and as the early start necessitated a toilette some two hours before daylight, this also had some effect in thinning the attendance.

As soon as the special passengers had embarked, the office was given to the combatants, who had posted to the rendezvous in the early morning, to repair on board; and the summons being obeyed, a start was effected before ten o'clock. On the voyage down a delay of a half an hour occurred, owing to the unreasonable blundering of one of the crew, a Frenchman, who contrived to let the hawser get foul of one of the paddle wheels, whence it could not be extricated until it had been cut in several places. Notwithstanding this impediment, however, the trying place was reached shortly after eleven o'clock, and with unusual celerity a good ring was pitched. It was not effected, however, until the company had been considerably augmented by some persons who came down by a passenger boat, having got wind of the matter on the eventful morning. Inspector Billy Duncan and his assistants exerted themselves manfully in clearing the ring, doing their duty throughout the very short encounter in a praiseworthy manner; and we are glad to be able to state that we did not perceive a single case of intoxication among them. Although the attendance was so limited, £10 17s 6d was realised by the sale of tickets, a sum which very nearly sufficed to remunerate all the constables engaged. It presented, however, a lamentable falling off as compared with other champion fights, at which the receipts have been at least four times as great.

About half-past twelve o'clock the Champion made his appearance at the ring side, and modestly dropped his castor within the ropes, following it at once himself, attended by Bill Hayes and Harry Brunton. He was hailed with loud cheers from all sides. Bill Benjamin was close upon his heels, and stepped into the circle under the care of Harry Broome and Jemmy Massey. There was a smile upon the face of each man; but we fancied that of Sayers was the genuine smile of confidence, while that of his opponent had somewhat of a nervous twist about it. They shook hands good humoredly, tossed for corners, Sayers proving the winner, and then at once commenced peeling to the bitter frost and south-easterly breeze. The colors, a neat French grey for Sayers, and blue and white spots for Benjamin, were now tied to the stakes, the usual preliminaries were quickly settled, and at fourteen minutes to twelve "time" was called. The betting round the ring was very slight, 2 to 1 being freely offered, but takers were scarce at anything under 5 to 2.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. When the men appeared at the scratch, which they did in the midst of perfect silence, there was a visible contrast in their physical condition. The Novice stood well over 5ft. 8in. in height, was larger and better developed, and altogether he looked, as he undoubtedly was, the more powerful man. His attitude at first was good, and led one to suppose he had studied under a good master. His condition was perfect, there not being a superfluous ounce about him. Tom looked rather fleshy about the chest and shoulders, but in such weather it was perhaps a fault on the right side. His attitude was the same as ever—cool, calm, and collected. He eyed his adversary with steadiness, and there was the same unmistakable glance of confidence always to be seen on his mug. He had evidently made up his mind to let the Novice make the first move, and tried several dodges to draw him out. The Novice, although evidently nervous, spurred and feinted like an accomplished boxer for a brief period, and at length tried his left, but Tom stopped him with nonchalance, and returned quickly with the left on the nozzle, and then on the mark a sharp crack. The Novice stood his ground, and now succeeded in stopping Tom twice, and returning, but very slightly, on the cheek. Tom next delivered his left and right at close quarters on the cheek and jaw, and the Novice dropped. He was conveyed to his corner, and the look of dismay upon his countenance as he glanced around was perfectly ludicrous. It was at once patent to all that he knew nothing of the business he had undertaken, and that the contest was virtually over, for directly his guard was broken through he appeared to have no resources. He could not use his legs, and his arms flew about like the sails of a windmill, so that Tom was able to put in both hands perfectly at his ease. The celerity with which he brought his right into play thus early in this fight was remarkable.

2. The Novice did not smile as he was wont to smile, but seemed to be on the look out for a place of secure retreat. Tom walked quietly up, led off with his left and was stopped, but the Novice missed his return. Tom then popped his left very heavily on the nose, knocking his opponent clean off his pins, and filling his mouth with rags. The Novice lay as if undecided for a second, and then, turning over, got gradually on his pins, and his seconds took him to his corner. He shook his head several times, and appeared extremely desirous of encountering another of Tom's heavy shots, but, on time being called, Harry Broome pushed him forward, and he went reluctantly to the scratch, Massey, in disgust, having declined to have any more to do with him.

3. Sayers, evidently bent on making short work of it, quickly went to work, left and right. Benjamin tried to rally with him, but beyond an accidental touch on the lip, did not reach him. Tom planted

heavily on the mouth and jaw, drawing more ruby, and down went the Novice, all abroad. He lay in the middle of the ring, and nothing could persuade him to come to "time." Broome then threw up the sponge, and Tom Sayers was once again proclaimed the conqueror, and still champion, in six minutes and a half, the battle—if battle it could be called where it was all one way—being the most bloodless we ever witnessed. The Novice, on being asked to account for his cutting up so badly, said he was hit very hard in the mark the first round, and, not expecting to be hit there, it had made him very sick and incapable of exerting himself. Further than that he knew not. His easy defeat struck dismay into all his friends, and the look of surprise and contempt cast upon him by Jemmy Massey was a study for an artist. Both men at once left the field of action, and repaired on board the boat, where they lost no time in resuming their warm wraps, and taking other means to infuse a little of that caloric into their systems which had been subtracted therefrom during their brief exposure to the outward air.

As soon as possible after their departure the ring was cleared, and Nat Langham's Black Diamond and Young Sullivan peeled to have a shy for a £5 note. The battle, which was of a bustling merry description, however, was put an end to after a few rounds by the untoward appearance of the blues, who, fortunately, arrived too late to stop hostilities during the important contest of the day. All had seen the almost knee deep mud to the small boats destined to convey them on board the vessel, and the embarkation being otherwise safely effected, the "bobbies" and wild fowl were left to dispute the ownership of the soil between them, but whether the raw lobsters or their feathered friends first vacated the soil we have not yet ascertained. The bare head was immediately turned homeward, with excellent management, all were able to reach the metropolis by four o'clock.

REMARKS.

We question whether it is not an insult to the understanding of our readers to offer any remarks upon this singular exhibition of ineptitude upon the part of the would-be champion. Of Tom Sayers we have nothing more to say than that he did what he was called upon to do with the utmost nonchalance, and that he performed his task even easier than he had all along anticipated. The Novice did not exhibit a single point which would entitle him to be called even an "outsider." From the time that he was foiled in his very first move, he cannot be said to have even "tried." All his senses seemed to have left him, and as far as we were able to judge, the only predominant thought in his mind was how to escape from the dilemma in which he had been placed, with the least damage to himself. Doubtless he was hit very heavily, but still he had not received even half enough to justify him in crying "a go," had he meant winning at all hazards. That he must eventually have been beaten by such a man as Sayers, barring an accident, is a positive certainty, and that he exercised a sound discretion in not submitting to further punishment is equally true; but that he has done more than heap ridicule upon himself and those who brought him out, by his miserable performance, is a proposition not to be hazarded for a moment. How such a judge of fighting as Harry Broome could have made the mistake he did we cannot understand, but the task of bringing out a candidate for the championship once undertaken by a man of his known "talent," it is easy to understand how the public were induced to come forward and take the long odds offered on Sayers. Among the deceived was the renowned Jemmy Massey, who, liking the appearance of the man, and being led on by the reports of Harry Broome as to his man's cleverness and gluttonous qualities, took the odds of 2 to 1 to a considerable amount.

We have received several letters on the subject of Benjamin, saying he never meant winning, and one correspondent informs us that he partook of a hearty meal not very long before he went abroad to fight. Whether this is true or not we cannot say; but of this we feel confident, that, whether he meant winning or no, he could not have a ghost of a chance against Tom Sayers, or against many a much smaller opponent with only half Tom's pretensions to science. In conclusion we have only to say that the whole affair was carried out from first to last in a quiet and orderly way, and there was no fault to find with the partisans of either man for either unseemly language or noisy demonstrations. All that was required to render it a model fight was a little more devil and resolution on the part of the loser. As a fight for the championship it was neither more nor less than a signal failure.

The battle money is to be handed to Tom Sayers at Owen Swift's, Horsehoe Tavern, Titchbourne-street, on Wednesday evening next, when he will again be adorned with the champion's belt which, according to rule, was last week deposited with the stakeholder to abide the event of his last battle.

Tom Sayers's benefit will take place on the night before the fight between Brette and Travers. The whereabouts has not yet been fixed.

The Championship.

TOM PADDOCK and TOM SAYERS.—These heroes are matched for £150 a side, having settled the vexed question as to £100 or £200 a side by meeting half way, which was the most straightforward plan they could adopt. They have staked £25 a side, and Paddock proposes to fight about the third week in June. We have not yet heard Tom Sayer's notion on the subject, but do not anticipate any difficulty. The preliminary articles have been signed by their respective backers. We doubt not that the men will meet after Tuesday's tourney, and settle everything amicably.

TOM SAYERS and TOM PADDOCK.—Tom Sayers has sent to us to say he will be glad to meet Paddock at our office any day, to settle as to their future deposits and the day of fighting, and also to toss for the final deposit. We shall be in attendance on Thursday next, between twelve and two, prepared to give our assistance and bring about an amicable arrangement.

MILL BY MOONLIGHT, NEAR LIVERPOOL.—Nothing daunted by the extreme severity of the weather, a select few turned out on Wednesday morning last, at about four o'clock, to witness a fight for £10 a side, between Ben Burgess and Izzy, (the Jew,) both Liverpool men. A piece of ground off the West Derby road was chosen as the scene of action, and thither the party wended their way in cabs. Ben was waited on by Jem Corbett and Tom Buckley, whilst Joe Simmonds and Bill Armistead did the polite for the Jew. For the first few rounds the Jew took a decided lead, and planted frequently on Ben's mug, but the blows appeared to lack steam, and no great damage was done; however, 2 to 1 was offered on Izzy, but not taken. Ben seemed now to be getting warm to his work, and got home with good effect on his opponent's right eye. From this to the 29th and last round, the Jew resorted to the dropping system, getting down in every round, but no doubt more from weakness and the slippery state of the ground, than from any intention to avoid punishment. On time being called, the gallant Israelite staggered to the scratch with unflinching resolution, but nature had completely deserted the brave fellow, and his backer, seeing he had no chance, humbly gave in for him. Ben's success was hailed with vociferous cheers by his friends. The fight lasted 50 minutes. It is but fair to state that the Jew was considerably less than his opponent, who is a fine athletic young man, and will no doubt be heard of again. The stakes were handed over to the winner the same evening.

COCKS AND SPIGHT.—We are informed that these men fought on Monday, for £5 a side, in the neighborhood of Leeds, Cocks proving the winner in 37 rounds and 50 minutes, Spight striking him foul.

JEM WILLIAMS and GEORGE BAILEY.—The fight between these men for £15 a side came off on Monday last, near the Black Horse, on the Passage road, about eight miles from Bristol. In height both men were alike, about five feet six, and in weight both were about 8 st. 12 lb. Jem Williams had for seconds Jemmy O Bryan and Tom Ship, whilst Bailey was waited upon by his cousin Stephen Bailey and Henry Bessell. Bailey seemed in tip-top condition, Williams not being so well up to the mark. Twenty-four rounds were manfully contested, Williams taking a decided lead from the very first, and at the expiration of 45 minutes he was declared the winner.

made for his introduction. His proximity was announced by sundry angry groans, and the door of his den was soon thrown open. His modesty, however, prevented him from making any reply to the Marquis, who was under the

cessity of overcoming his delicacy, by fixing a rope to his collar, and dragging him forth "whether he would or no," and then, embracing him as Elliston did Kean, he assured him of the good feeling of the audience. Bruin grumbled at his dissatisfaction, and seemed to be perfectly persuaded that his own amusement was the last thing in the contemplation of his master. In this he was not mistaken, for in a few seconds the impatient barking of a canine student, who had to qualify himself for practice in foreign climes, roused his apprehensions. The dog was soon brought forth, and the instant he was placed in front of the "Representative of all the Russias," he darted at him with true John Bull courage. Bruin instantly rumped him, to save his snout, and, with all the coyness of a maiden, resisting an effort for a kiss, he kept turning his snout from right to left against the wall, thus for a time avoiding the intended salute. The gallant assailant, however, was not to be resisted, and after various efforts he succeeded in catching the tender part, and having thus shown his competence for northern sports, he entitled himself to his diploma, with which he was forthwith furnished. Another student, of the same character, and with a similar view, was equally successful, and thus ended the fun of the evening.

A hint was then given that a bull had been purchased for the amusement of the higher circles, which would, ere long, have the honor of taking the field.

THE STORY OF DEATH.

READER, have you ever been dead. I have been. I will tell you the story of death. Dr. Benajah W. Somes, of Essex county, New Jersey, was my physician. I shall not curse him now. Time has taught me that it is better to bless than curse. And I feel, bitter as my malice might be, that a more miserable condition were not possible to him than the consciousness of his murderous wantonness must bring upon himself, hardened as I fear his nature is. But let that pass.

I will tell you the story of my death. I died at the age of twenty-three. A stalwart man, who on my father's farm mowed my swath or hoed my row with the best, in an unfortunate hour I became the victim of the practice of medicine which then prevailed, but which now, happily, is nearly disused. I had some sort of fever. No doubt I was ill enough. From my right arm once the physician took ounces of blood—how many I know not—certainly, in liquid measure, a gallon of the red fluid flowed. I did not mend that day, at least, I suppose I did not, for on the next day he cut my left arm and took thence a like measure—the crimson measure of half a life. I was a dead man then. But a shudder or two always must come ere the conscious soul lets go its hold upon the frame. With me the shudders were in the shape of cold sweats. There were three of them. By the clock—so some one at my bedside whispered—the chill and sweat lasted six hours. Six dim, dark centuries they were to me. The third—its commencement, its fierce chill, its dead cold, compared with which ice were a pleasing warmth—its dread slow march, I lost all sense of life and its pains. The great gates of the valley of death rolled on their ponderous hinges and shut me in.

I do not recollect the circumstances of the funeral and interment. In fact, I do not deem that I was buried. The weight I felt above me was no more ten feet of earth, in a quiet nook, with daisies springing from it. The mountains were resting on me. I realized their weight. Straight up to the light—if light existed—as under the centre of the central mountain I lay, it was many miles through solid rock, like a cold road, caught in during the formative era of the geologists. Italy lay upon me. Sense was gone, but consciousness was with me. O, how I suffocated and smothered! But, dead as I was, consciousness cruelly hung to me. I had died—why could I not cease to be? Time had passed away; there was no day, no night. But if mortal measures could indicate the period I lay alone, dark and suffocated, beneath that weight, centuries must have flown above my head.

The silence was as still as the suffocation. There was no sound. All was still, dark and hopeless. Had the mountain roared as it crushed, it would have been an alleviation. But it did its work without sound, without remorse, like fate, grim and silent.

I have said there was no measure of time to tell how long this measureless weight pressed me down. There came a relief. A sense of hearing came to me, or the infernal fires of earth rolled nearer to me. I heard their voice, distant as yet, like the wind in the leaves of ten thousand forests—like the surge of a thousand unseen oceans. I felt its heat, but it was far away. A new sense of suffocation came upon me. The suffocating force now surrounded me, came within me, and pressed me out. The suffocation within was like some vast expanding force, but it did not lift the weight of the mountain that was upon me. That still held its awful pressure. But I heard the Titans breathing as they fed the fires. This state lasted—who shall say how long?

Then came—was it true?—could I believe it?—dim sense of sight. I saw dimly, and afar, the forms of those giants who fed the central fires of the planet. They moved silent and grim, watching their work; and when a rill of molten rock glided apart from the mass, they staid it with their ponderous feet, and scooped it back to its place with vast hands.

Then the mountain began to lift and swell. It seemed slowly to rise—the hundredth part of an inch. Then, part of the way back it sank. It might have been a year in rising that little space. But at times I could feel that it was rising. Into the chinks it made as it rose, pressed, hot and fierce vapors of sulphur from the fires. These enveloped me more closely than the mountains weight. I prayed that the mountain would again shut down and press them out. Its blank, dead suffocation, with all its infernal weight, was better.

But the vapors thinned as the mountain slightly, almost imperceptibly lifted. Great God! I felt the touch of a human finger—a live finger. It lay beneath my arm. In the arm-pit. I felt it plainly—the artery throbbing against it. Was there life? Was it life? No, no. The touch died away. I had no arteries—no human sensations. It was a dream of the sleep of death. I awoke from it—awoke to eternal death, the mountain's weight, and hot, fiery vapors. Unyielding, they pressed me still within and without.

Again—was it again a dread dream? I had a sense of light, veiled and clouded light, as through a sleeper's unopened lips. The light, dim as it was, was steady and continued. I watched long—long! Ages was the only measure, if measure beyond the grave there could be. But so dim it was that the hope grew sick, and died, and rotted within me; and I fell back into the old, desolate suffocation—the eternal, unvarying pressure of the mountain's weight. More ages went by.

Then all at once was light, and a voice and a human hand. Light, sound, touch, flashed at once upon me. How they mingled and throbbled with the dead suffocation! It was too much. Now, on the eve of relief, I had my former prayers answered. Sensation passed away. I was not. Annihilation had come.

From annihilation—or from an utter blank of consciousness—I awoke, with pain and fatigue, and still the sense of weight unutterable, to find that there was indeed light, and touch, and hearing. The touch—it was a live hand—a human hand. God, the merciful and kind! It was my own father's hand! It was his hand beneath my arm-pit. Now I felt it meet the artery; I myself felt in sympathy with him the throb. I had come back to life. Death was over.

Though it was no dream, this answering—though I knew it to be real, yet for years I held but a state of semi-consciousness. But I knew that death was over—I knew I lived. I recognized the various members of my family in my room. I heard my father's voice, subdued but joyful, proclaiming his unwavering faith, during all, that I was alive.

Then the doctor came. He entered the room where I lay.

"The boy is alive, doctor!" exclaimed my father. "Nonsense!" was the heartless knave's reply—this devil of a doctor. At times I feel I must hate him, who had a college warrant on parchment to murder and bury beneath mountains.

"He does live, doctor," persisted my father. "Feel beneath his arm."

The doctor put his hand—his faithless, cold, skillless hand beneath my arm.

The little life there was in me recoiled from the contact, fled back to its source, and gave no response to his murderous, death-like touch.

"There is no beat there," said he, contemptuously, turning to my father. "It was all your fancy."

My father put his hand beneath my arm again. Tremblingly, faith-shaken, wavering—his touch told all that, as he passed the artery along and no throb responded. This little rill of life was too faint and weak to flow in my veins.

Long he held his fingers there, and through it I could feel his hope die away. He withdrew it at last, and he gazed upon the face of his dead son. He looked long. He was a kind, good father. I know where the grass grows above his grave. He gazed long, and turned away as though he bade me farewell!

An hour passed. He came back irresolute, hope daunted in his eye, as if some inspirited frenzy made him hope, and bear his faith into the presence of despair.

He touched again the artery beneath my arm. He felt the throb. It was fuller and faster, as hope seized and animated me and him together. The pulse was clear—small, and weak, as it might be, it was still marked and clear. He felt it, and knew it was no fancy.

He brought wine, and put a tea-spoon filled with it to my lips. The palate and nostrils felt the sensation. They slightly moved. The shadow of a color came in my face. He knew I lived.

My recovery was slow. For three days my sustenance was half a teaspoonful of wine passed to my lips every two hours. After that they gave me a whole teaspoonful at the same intervals. I gained strength slowly. At length I was able to get up.

But I was crippled forever. From the hour when life came back to me to this hour, I have not been able to lift my right arm from my side. Below the elbow the limb is powerless. My left hand I cannot raise above my head. I was bled in either of my arms.

Sometimes, without thought, I make an effort to raise one arm or the other beyond the line which the paralysis of either has fixed.

Then, on a sudden, all grows dark before me; my head swims, and for an instant I feel the mountain's weight upon me. The spasms now pass away and I live again.

I commenced no action for damages against the doctor. Aside from the fact that he did not then possess means to respond to the possible verdict, my friends, with the prejudices of the time, would have dissuaded me from suing him at law. Courts and the "faculty," in those days believed in blood, and the latter took it when they would.

Do not deem, reader, that the foregoing is any tale of the imagination. It is a story of the boldest fact. I live in New Jersey, between Plainfield and Westfield, in Union (formerly Essex) county. My name I am free to impart—it is John R. Miller. Thirty-four years have passed, but the memory of every hue and circumstance of those dread ages of death is distinct and vivid still. For often, even now, a thoughtless movement of either crippled limb brings their terrors boldly back, and once again, thank God, it is but for a moment—I lie suffocated and pressed beneath the mountain's remorseless breast.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ; OR, THE HORSE WITHOUT A TONGUE.

A CHARACTERISTIC STORY.

"DAMN my old shoes," said a celebrated horse-dealer to a favorite pal, "I thought I was up to a thing or two, and as I fly to the points of a nag as most men, but I was once regularly done. I happened, on a Monday, to see near Tattersall's, and just 'dropped in,' as Paul Pry would say, to see what was going on. At the moment I entered, I observed a very nice tight little bit of flesh under the hammer—in prime condition, and full of good action. 'Five-and-twenty guineas, once,' said the knight of the rostrum. 'Is he warranted?' said I. 'No,' was the answer. 'Run him down.' He was run down, and the more I saw, the more I was pleased. 'Six and twenty' cried I. 'Seven and twenty,' roared the first bidder. I wasn't to be refused, I bid another guinea; the hammer was down, and the horse was mine. I immediately turned round, and soon recognized some of the downy ones, who, with an intelligible leer, congratulated me on my bargain. I found I was bit, and begged an explanation. 'Have you looked in his mouth?' said they. 'No,' said I, 'but I soon will.' I accordingly stopped him in his progress to the stable. One peep was enough. 'Why, blow me, Dicky,' I exclaimed, 'he has no tongue!'

A horse-laugh confirmed my discovery; and I submitted, with the best grace I could, to my fate, ordering my tongueless bargain home to my own quarters. How to make the best of a bad bargain, was the next consideration. I was told the brute would feed well upon mashes and soft manger-meats; but that wouldn't do for me, I wanted him for work. At last I bethought myself, as I had bought him, I must sell him, regarding him, like the Jew's razors—made up for sale, and not for use. I accordingly sent to Aldridge's to bespeak a stall, and having dressed a knowing cove in the cast-off livery of a Noble Earl, well known for his predilection for fast trotters, I sent him to his post on the Wednesday following. My fellow knew his business, and on inquiry being made by those who, like myself, fancied the horse, he pattered away like a true cooper. It belonged to the Earl of W——, but was an out-and-out in good qualities. Having shied once, however, his Lordship took a dislike to him, for he wouldn't have a shyer in his stud on any account. The bait was taken; old soft food was brought out, his paces were liked, his figure unquestionable, and a few of my friends lending a helping hand, he was knocked down to Alderman — for two-and-forty guineas; thus, after paying all expenses, leaving me a profit of ten guineas. I never heard any more of my bargain; whether the noble Earl did or did not, it was not my business to inquire; but ever since, I never bought a horse without looking into his mouth."

Perhaps our readers will follow an example founded on such notable experience.

BOUGHT AND SOLD.

A FRIEND of ours who lived on Grosse Isle, who has an eye to a good horse, and who is always open to trade, was accosted near his own door, lately, by a stranger who wanted to inquire the way. The stranger had under him a lively poney, which it struck our friend was near enough like one of his own to make a good mate; he therefore asked the way-fairing man what he would take for his beast? "Well, I don't come to sell him, but if I let him go, I must have forty dollars."

Our friend held his pony at eighty, and the stranger's animal appeared every whit as good, so he offered thirty-five dollars, and was taken up, and the money paid over. The afternoon was occupied in searching after his pony, which all of a sudden came up missing, and could not be found. Putting that and that together our friend was induced to examine his new purchase a little more narrowly, when he discovered, by the aid of his family, that he had been buying his own horse! The "stranger" being tracked up, turned out to be the hired man of his neighbor G—— upon whom our friend had cracked many practical jokes in his time, but none among them at all equal to this.

THE RACE HORSE.

BY STONKHENOE.

NUMBER THREE.

TRAINING OF THE TWO-YEAR-OLD COLT.

THE SEXES ARE OFTEN KEPT SEPARATE where the numbers are large, and the stabling is suitable for the purpose. There are, however, disadvantages as well as advantages attendant upon the plan; for as two-year-old fillies and colts frequently run together, they are apt at that time to show the result of two rigid a separation. On the whole, however, I think they are better kept apart, and this is especially applicable to the fillies, which, from high feeding, are constantly coming "in use," and are then languid and dull, and unfit for work. They must always be eased a little at that time, as they are neither capable of bearing as much work as usual, nor willing to exert their powers. But the separation, if attempted, should be rigidly carried out; the stable should be quite distinct, and the exercise-ground at some distance, so that the wind should not waft the scent of the colts towards the fillies, or vice versa. If this is neglected they may just as well be in company with one another, as they are influenced by their sense of smell more than by the eye, and quite as much as by their auditory organs. When the fillies are galloped while in the above state, they can scarcely be made to extend themselves; and if brought alongside another, whether colt or filly, they lean towards it, and will not attempt to pass; hence the frequent variations in their public performances, and the difficulty of ascertaining the real powers of any filly, and especially during the spring, when they are constantly succumbing to these sexual influences, from the unnaturally high condition in which they are kept.

VICTIOUS COLTS as well as fillies must be rigidly watched, and the first symptoms restrained by threats or by actual severity. Every lad when riding carries a light stick, which is capable of giving a pretty severe blow, and with this he may threaten his charge, he may even use it over the shoulder or down the side, as occasion may require. The trainer, also, catches hold of the colt by the bridle, and speaks sharply, or occasionally administers a blow with the flat to the muzzle, of which mode of correction horses have a mortal dread. This is chiefly useful in kicking colts who are not to be restrained by the stick; but if the trainer holds them firm and gives this blow, they are quiet directly. Rearing must be kept under by the martingale, or cured by the administration of a severe blow between the ears with a heavy stick, or by the old plan of breaking a soda-water bottle full of water between the ears. But the great preventive is plenty of walking exercise, without which colts are always mischievous, and inclined to become vicious, and with it they are generally manageable and quiet. Another essential point is the constant supervision of the trainer or his head man, who will prevent those tricks which boys of all classes are inclined to play. Mischief is not peculiar to the colt, but is common to all young animals, and if not prevented will be indulged in by the stable-lad towards his charge, and to the great increase of his tendency to vice, in consequence of his dislike to the practices of the lad, and his resistance against their continuance. For further remarks upon these points, and on stable vices generally, see the chapters on the Management of the Horse.

As these colts are designed for an early appearance in public, they should be ridden on to a steeplechase-course or race-course as often as possible; or, if these are not to be had, into market-towns or fairs, or any other gathering of people. Fairs are especially good introductions; and as they are often held upon common-land, the colts may be easily taken there, and yet kept out of harm's way. It is one of the great advantages of Newmarket as a training-ground, that races are so continually taking place there, and that colts may be easily shown the crowd, without much risk to either the biped or quadruped.

By February, the trainer will have obtained some insight into the constitution and temperaments of his colts and fillies, and will begin to work them accordingly. Some will want strong work, with a vast deal of walking exercise, and occasional doses of physic; others less of each, and the very light-carried ones little more than walking exercise, and that amount of galloping which will teach them their paces without being used as work. These last seldom require physic, unless they are out of health. The frost may generally be considered gone by the end of February, or the middle of March at latest, and during its continuance those colts intended for spring running have been kept at exercise on the straw-beds at such times as they were not in physic. They have been fed rather lightly, and are therefore hearty and ready for a few weeks' forcing, and for going through that kind of stimulating treatment of all kinds which accompanies training, and is in fact its very essence. Nine weeks are usually considered sufficient for the preparation of these young things, and they will seldom improve upon a longer amount of training without throwing them by. This time is divided into two preparations, between which a light dose of physic is given, occupying, with its mashes and the time necessary for setting, about a week. The very lusty colts may have the time equally divided, but the less stout ones should be allowed five weeks after their physic, and by consequence their first preparation is seldom allowed to last beyond three weeks; but if ten weeks altogether can be given them, the first portion may fairly be extended to the four weeks, as with the lustier colts.

THE FIRST PREPARATION is chiefly confined to slow work, with plenty of walking exercise, and, if necessary, one or two sweats. Great caution must always be displayed with these animals, but is especially requisite at this time when they are first introduced to work as opposed to teaching. On no account should anything be done until a previous examination has satisfied the trainer that the colt is in high health and spirits; and every gallop should be carefully watched, and its effects at the time noted, so as to serve as a guide to an increase or decrease of work. Unless the colts are very fleshy, a sweat will not be required until the end of this preparation; but if they put on flesh during the first ten days, in consequence of the augmentation of their corn, they may have one in the middle and, if necessary, one also at the end. But it must always be remembered that young colts do not bear to be drawn fine, and the distance they run being short, their wind will generally last them; and that the act of stripping them of their fat stops their growth and interferes with the process of furnishing that is now going on. It is, therefore, only in extreme cases that sweats in clothing are necessary; but some stout and lusty ones will take a sweat of two miles, so as to scrape well, twice during their first preparation. The pace is not required to be very severe, as the distance will almost always serve to bring out their juices, especially if a cloth or two is put on when taken into the rubbing-house. Training-ground with a long gradual ascent is the great point in the sweat of the two-year-old, and when the trainer has the command of such an advantage, he need not fear any ill effects upon the understandings, unless he puts heavy sweaters on, when the hind-legs feel their ill effects up hill as much as the fore-legs do down hill, and hence the disadvantage of using them on this kind ground. Curbs, spavins, and inflamed fetlock-joints are as often interfering with training as injuries of the fore-legs, and must be as carefully avoided. The bill, therefore, should be very slight, and, as I said before, when it is used the sweaters and weight of lad must be proportionately light. If the sweats are not considered desirable, moderate gallops of from half to three-quarters of a mile, and at a steady pace, may almost always be given; and they may average about three times a week, with the addition of shorter sprints on the intervening days for the purpose of improving the style of going and giving quickness and smartness of stroke. The duration of the walking exer-

cise at this time may vary from 2½ to 4½ hours a day, divided into two portions, varying in length according to the weather, which must always be allowed to regulate proceedings in this variable climate. In this way the three or four weeks of the first preparation are occupied, and at the end of it the dose of physic is given as already mentioned.

THE SECOND PREPARATION commences as soon as the physic is thoroughly set, which is given in the interval between the two. I have already said that some few colts will not require this, but if they do not have the physic they demand a week's quiet, and two or three bran mashes, which to some washy constitutions are equal to physic. By many persons it may be supposed that light-carried colts, of blood not very stout, will be brought out with a shorter dual preparation than the lusty and thick-made colt, but this is not the case, because they do not bear the same amount of work per week, and it must be distributed over a greater space of time, and increased with great care. Hence I have advised that these animals should have four weeks allowed after their dose of physic, and for their second preparation, and it will be found that even then less progress has been made with them than with those which will bear a little more hustling. It is true that there are, again, extreme cases of lustiness in which this shorter time will not suffice, but the average of stout-blooded and sound colts may be prepared in the four weeks, if they have gone through their first preparation without showing evidences of failure in their legs or constitutional powers. As soon as they begin their work, the whole of the colts and fillies for the first week are prepared for sweating, by giving them every other day a smart gallop of half or three-quarters of a mile, and an occasional sprint besides, to keep up their quickness. Plenty of walking exercise is still used, and the stable-dressing and hand-rubbing must now be diligently practiced. Some of the most forward colts will require a deal of work, even more than the above allowance, in order to keep them within themselves, and to do justice to their powers; others, again, will not require so much; but this, as I before remarked, must have the eye of the master of his trade to regulate it according to numerous fluctuating conditions. At the end of a week or ten days, usually the former, all may take a sweat, which is often the first—that is, when it has not been deemed necessary during the first preparation, but in almost all cases it will now be required. A sweat in cloth, however, is by no means invariably to be attempted, even at this time, for the previous work will in many cases reduce the colt so that it is quite evident he does not require it. But a sweat in some form—that is, a long gallop of two miles of a steady pace, is almost invariably to be now ordered, and by its effects the repetition at a future time, or otherwise, must be decided on.

THE FEEDING OF TWO-YEAR-OLD COLTS is by this time conducted pretty nearly the same as in the aged horse; for as he has always been reared on two or three feeds of corn, the increase to five or six, with work, will generally be borne with impunity. The same quantity in the horse unaccustomed to this kind of food would be sure to produce inflamed eyes, swollen legs, &c., but during the six or seven months from the commencement of breaking until now, the colt has gradually been fed with a more liberal hand, and will at this time generally bear five quarters of oats per day, with seven pounds of hay. Beans and peas should never be given to two-year-olds, unless they are very washy indeed, and inclined to scour; even then they will seldom do good as a regular feed, and can only be recommended for particular occasions—as, for instance, when a colt scours for a day or two just before his appearance for a particular race, then a few beans may be given; but a continuance of them will always lead to disorder of the digestive organs.

THE CONTINUANCE OF GALLOPING and sweating after the first week, and the amount of each required, will be the study of the trainer; and he will be guided, as in all cases, by the effects of those previously gone through, always remembering that an over-trained horse is not only injured at the time, but is the worse for it ever after, more or less according to his age, constitution, or temper. Hence it is a fault on the right side if young colts are brought out too big; and as they will seldom injure themselves by the distance they run, there is not the danger on that account which is incurred by the older horse in two or three mile struggles when unfit; after all, the races of two-year-olds are almost always in the nature of trials, and few masters would like to sacrifice the future prospects of the young stock, even with the certainty of bringing them out in such a form as to secure their races. It is better, therefore, in all cases, to avoid the risk of over-working them, and to have them brought out a trifle too big, although thereby they may not be in such a full state of preparation and fitness as might possibly be effected by drawing them finer. All this, however, depends upon the future intentions of the owner and his trainer, for by this time they have often decided that certain colts will be useless except as two-year-olds; and that, therefore, considerable risks may be run with them, in order to get the lengths of other horses in public, or merely to win what they can in their then form, believing that they are not likely to train on. Many such animals are brought out each year, and are thus made use of, though there is also no doubt that their not improving upon their two-year-old form is more frequently a consequence of the owner's determination thus to employ them, than that he has decided upon it prospectively. The usual practice is to select the most approved animals in the string, and use the less valuable ones for the purpose of public trials and competitions; but it sometimes happens that mistakes occur, and that those which are nursed up turn out far inferior to their stable companions which have in the meanwhile been sacrificed to them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TO CROSS A MILL.

PICK OUT two coves to whom money is of more consequence than character. Let them be as near of a match as possible; but, as in all probability, there will be a shade of difference, take care and lay the odds (with your confederates, of course,) on the best man. The green-horns, with great judgment, will watch to see which way things are going; and, on due deliberation, will follow your example. You will know how to take advantage of this spirit by planting your pals to take the odds. Do not be too greedy, lest suspicion should be excited, and make up your minds to be content with moderate gains. It is absolutely necessary, too, that the bets should be staked; booking, in such cases, is dangerous. On no account betray your secret to injudicious persons, as this may spoil sport. On the day of fighting take care and preserve an appearance of strong hostility, and let each party evince a perfect confidence in success. The men must be equally rewarded, to avoid jealousy, and their reward must be so arranged as to secure its immediate payment when the battle is over. Previous to going into the ring, let the men have a private rehearsal with the gloves. The man on whom the odds are laid, and who is to lose, must take the lead, go up to his man with spirit, pepper, and drop him. This will increase the confidence of those who are laying the odds. The second round must be bustling and mischievous, and the losing man again have a decided advantage. This will increase your opportunities of profit. The odds will get up, and the betting will be six to four current. Take them, but don't forget to stake. In the third round the man that is to win must, in his turn, take the lead, and have rather the advantage. It must be distinctly understood that neither is to flinch from a little punishment. The fourth round must terminate with an appearance of equality, and you may get on a little even betting. In the fifth let the farce be closed. The men, after some caution, will get to a rally—hit for hit—and the first favorite must be thrown heavily—instantly picked up—his head drops senseless on his shoulders—he is stunned and

stupid. His seconds must be all exertion—roar in his ears, and deluge him with water. The other side must cry "Time! Time! bring him to the scratch." He totters—his antagonist gives him a finisher, and all is over—he can come no more. Let all this be done cleverly, and nobody will doubt that it has been a square fight. The poor fellow has been hit on the jugular—it was an accidental blow, or he must have won. In pocketing your gains, you must declare you have won nothing, as you only hedged to your first bet.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

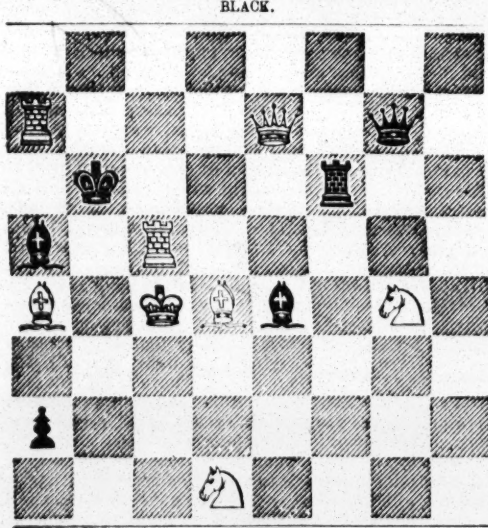
OUR PROBLEMS.

The history of the following problems is not a little singular, and proves that even Chess-players, united as they are, are not always in the condition of the "birds" in the famous juvenile lyric. In June last, the "Chess Monthly" a work that has most miserably failed to become what it promised to be, a true representative of American Chess, a friend and guide to the American chess student, promised a set of prizes for problems under certain limitations, only one of which need be repeated, viz.—A copy of Lewis' 100 problems, to the best set of two, one a suicide, and the other a conditional problem. Six sets of this kind were sent in, of which this, by our contributor, is acknowledged to be not only the best, but the only perfect set out of six. Yet with the most shameless effrontery they not only refuse to award the prize when fairly won, but even (publicly) to acknowledge the superiority of this, as a set. They indeed published one of them, on account of the great merit, and of personal good will to the author; to which our correspondent very justly replies, bahl where's the prize, then? But even that is but a secondary consideration with him; for if they will not acknowledge his superiority in the competition, and don't feel able to give the prize, he will, to use a Hibernianism, forgive 'em that. Again, Mr. Brown very properly wishes to know why this set was taken and, in violation of all propriety, copied by the (now) Junior Editor, before being given to the committee, while his other set, which he (Mr. Ed.) had no means of knowing was not a lady's contribution, was handed in uncopied. Both were equally well drawn, with the solutions equally plain and convenient. Was it not to signify to the committee which were from favorites, most of whose diagrams are quite as well known as their autographs, and which were from outsiders? In justice to Eugene B. Cook, Esq., the umpire in the matter, we will say that he has, unofficially, given an opinion that our contributor is entitled to an acknowledgment of superiority, and that, if appealed to, as umpire, by the committee of examination he would make such award.

This throws the onus of these disgracefully little proceedings upon the conductors of the Journal named, who have attempted a similar course of high-handed contempt towards all against whom they take a plague for any reason sever. They will reap the proper harvest from such seed, in due time. Even now, they stand not only in this light, but in the unenviable position of having actually awarded their first prize to a faulty set of problems. Had the proprietors prejudged that none but favorites should receive a prize at their hands? If so, they are already punished, to the full. The *CLIPPER* adopts the set "Fortune knocks once at every man's door," and awards the promised prize, and thinks it can "stand the press," since its finances will only be damaged *Thirty-eight cents* (!) by the operation.

PROBLEM NO. 98.—BY THEO. M. BROWN.

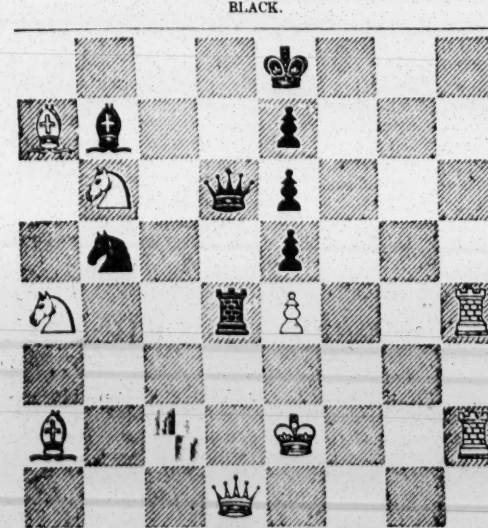
"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."



White to play and compel Black to mate in twelve moves.

PROBLEM NO. 99.—BY THEO. M. BROWN.

"Fortune knocks once at every man's door."



White to play and give mate with the K's P in fourteen moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WANKING, Wareham, Mass.—Your error about our very difficult Problem No. 96, is in the 12th move of the Defence. You say, anything; White plays Q to her B3, and escapes.

A LEANER, Jr., Haldensburg, Pa.—Come to examine your correspondence game by telegraph, played in less than forty moves! (!) We find White to have played very well, under such extraordinary circumstances, but Black's game to have been so badly conducted that it is an improper subject for discussion. We are sure the parties can give us a better battle.

G. C. M., Fredonia, N. Y.—Is quite correct.

T. M. B., Penn Yan, N. Y.—The parties concerned have produced proofs which clear them indisputably from a part of the charges against them; the rest appear.

F. B., Terre Haute, Ind.—We shall be most happy to add so able a chess practitioner and ardent enthusiast as yourself to our list of correspondents. As to your stupendous addition to the board and men, we can only say that, like many a predecessor, we fear it becomes altogether too "stupendous" for ordinary mortals to master. The only way to get an opinion upon your innovations is to have a board made of the required size, and a set of men of the size and pattern you propose, and present them for trial in the nearest club whose members you can have confidence in for an authoritative decision. If they will undertake, and are competent to the task, you will be asked, in substance, the following question: Have you so mastered our common game as to be able to discover, or be taught, nothing further; and, having attained such perfection, do you still find yourself possessed of a wide margin of unexplored intellect? Be sure that from no less a master will any such additions be even looked at.

SACKSON, Albany, N. Y.—Just so.

ANALYST, Lynn, Mass.—Solution right; thank you for the "P. S." the skirmish shall shortly appear.

ROY, Albany, N. Y.—Solutions correct—and neat. The very best method of improving yourself, is that suggested—under the restrictions named. The committing to memory of a few short but masterly games will tend greatly to improve your style, and will furnish you with chess ideas that will come often into the experience of actual encounter than you might at first suppose. Say once a week, thoroughly. You are not the first, by many, that Problem 96 has "stuck." We cannot forbear closing with the close of your letter—"The club have fine rooms, meet regularly three times a week, and play as well as they can."

ALONSO, Salem, Mass.—Happy to have pleased you; Frigida 97, right, though it may be demonstrated in one move less; laughable enough, truly, yet it was as you wrote it—name of the town, eh?

UX FLOU, Philadelphia.—Now you surely can't need telling that we would like to be "bored" just twice as often, and say add a game now and then. If your old anger has got dull, why hunt up a new one.

METELLUS, Boston, Mass.—Thank you for the pleasure of even so brief a call, though we were so much at disadvantage. Were much disappointed in not seeing you again; but await your promise.

X. Y. Z., Essex.—You will, we suppose, try him another.

CRICKETER, N. Y.—Your opponent, "H. A. B." offers you another game and the Attack, to be played simultaneously with the one now in progress. If you accept, and choose the K King's Opening, he will play the "Pistol Defence." What may you say to that?

H. A. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—Excuse the seeming insinuation of the above notice to "Cricketer" not appearing last week; we wrote to our correspondents in an unusual hurry, and overlooked it.

ROY LOPEZ, Brooklyn.—Thank you for the remembrance and the skirmish; it shall appear.

WANKING, (2d letter).—Thanks for Problems; they are on file for examination.

B. W., Jr., Jersey City.—Yes, we believe he will adopt it, and enter your move.

A. S. H., Cumberland, Md.—"The handing together of a trio of tyros, in the hope of one day rivaling our best clubs," is most certainly one item of interest to us, and the very flattering terms in which you express your approval of our department, is no less certainly another. Procure Agnes' "Chess for Winter Evenings," Stanton's "Chess-Player's Handbook," and Walker's "Art of Chess Play."

We are reminded to say, once for all, that after receiving a few more boorish answers from various sources about chess books, chess material, etc., correspondents would at least learn to come, and bring their productions with them, where all possible information, and assistance is not only given, but promptly and most cheerfully given, and that in a way to render it of the most service possible. Our correspondents do us a great pleasure when they ask us for assistance or information that may forward their chess interests.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 94.

CASTOR.—BY EUGENE B. COOK.

White.	White.	White.	White.
1. B to Q 5	6. K to Bq	11. Q to R 3	16. P to Kt 6
2. Q-K 5 (a)	7. R-Q B 7	12. B-B 6	17. Q-B 5 (c)
3. R-K 3	8. Q-B 8	13. B-Q 4	18. Q-B 6
4. B-B 3	9. R-B 7	14. R-K 5	19. Q-B 7
5. Kt-K B 3	10. P-Kt 4 (b)	15. P-Kt 5	20. Q-B 7, and
	21. Pawn Coffee mates.		

(a) The Black K may go to Kt 3, or 6th.
(b) This, and every subsequent move, is a check.
(c) Black's best, at this point, is K takes B.

In twenty moves, by ALONSO, B. W., and A. S. H.; and by J. D. (Portland) in 22.

1. Kt to K 6 6. R to K 4 11. P to Kt 5 16. Q to her 4
2. Kt-Kt 6 7. R-Q 6 12. Kt-Q 6 17. R-Q Kt sq
3. K-Q B 2 (1) 8. Q-B 7 13. R-Q 4 18. Q-B 6
4. Q-K 6 9. R-K 7 (a) 14. P-K 5 19. Q-B 7
5. Kt-K 4 10. P-Kt 4 15. Kt-Q Kt 5 20. Pawn mates.

(a) This, and every subsequent move, is a check.
(1) Inverting this, and the subsequent move, would lose one move.—B. W.

POLLUX.—BY THE AUTHOR.

This splendid problem has baffled our entire corps of correspondents.

1. K to Kt 2 4. B to Q 5 7. Q to her B 3 +
2. K-B sq 6. Q-Kt 6 + 8. Q-B 8
3. R-K 8 9. Q-B 7 10. P to Kt 4th, and mates as in Castor.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 96.

White. Black. White. Black.
1. B x B 2. Kt to Q Kt 6, and 3. Kt mates.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 95.

1. R to Q B 2 + K to Q 6 2. Q to K 2, and 3. Q mates.

GAME NO. 98.

Brilliant battle between Mr. Roberts, late of Brooklyn, and another very brilliant player, at the "Union Chess Club."

ALLIGATOR GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
D. S. Roberts.	Amateur.	D. S. Roberts.	Amateur.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. Castles	Q to Kt 6
2. P-K B 4	K-P x P	15. P-Q 3	B-Q B 4 +
3. K-Kt-B 3	P-Kt 4	16. P-Q 4	B-K 3
4. P-K R 4	P-Kt 1	17. Q-Kt-Q 2	Q-Kt-B 3
5. K-Kt 5 (a)	P-Kt 2	18. Kt-K 4	Q-Kt 3
6. Q-K R 4	B-P x Kt	19. Kt x KB	B-P x Kt
7. Q-K R 6 +	K-hm 2	20. R x KB	K-Q B 2
8. Q x Kt P +	K-hm 2	21. R-Kt 4	Q x QBP
9. Q-R 5 +	K-his 2	22. K-B 3	K-Kt-K 2
10. K-B Q 4	Q-K 5	23. Q-K Kt 5	Q x QBP
11. Q-K 6 +	Q-Q 5	24. Q-K R 4	Q x QBP
12. Q x KR	Q-K P +	25. Q-B Kt 4	Q-K 7
13. K-B K 2	Q-Kt 3	26. B-Kt 5	Resigned.

(a) The "Alligator Gambit," in *ipsissima verba*. We would fain meet often with this splendid variation where the parties is, as in the present instance, merely for an hour's recreation.

GAME NO. 99.

Recently played between our contributor E. S. Brewster, and another amateur of Pittsfield, Mass.

BISHOP'S COURTESY GAMBIT.

Attack.	Defence.	Attack.	Defence.
E. S. Brewster.	Amateur.	E. S. Brewster.	Amateur.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. R x B	Q x Kt P +
2. P-K B 4	P-K 4	15. K-R 2	Q-K R 5 +
3. R-P x P	Kt-Kt 3	16. Kt-Q 2	Kt-Q 2
4. P-Q 8	P-Q 4	17. Q-K R 2	Q-Kt 5 +
5. K-B Q Kt 3	K-P x P	18. K-R 4	Kt-Kt 6 +
6. K-Kt-B 3	K-B 3	19. Q x Kt 1	Q x Q
7. P-K R 3	Castles	20. B-P x Q	K-R x R +
8. Q-Kt-B 3	Q-K 2	21. Kt-K 2	R-K B 4
9. Castles	Q-K 2	22. K-R 4	R-K 4
10. Q-K 4	Kt-K R 4	23. Kt-Q 6	Q-R B 7 +
11. Kt-Kt x P	K-B x Kt	24. K-R 3	K-R B 8 +
12. Q x KB	K-R 2	25. Kt-Kt 4	Kt-K 4 +
13. P-Kt 4	B x Kt P	26. Kt-K 6	P-R 3, mate.

ENIGMA NO. 98.—BY HERR ALPHONSE BECK.

From Bell's Life.

White.—K at Q B 6; R at Q B 6; B's at K B 2, and 3; Kt at Kt 7; P's at Kt 4, K 2, and Kt 2. Black.—K at Q 6; R at K 6; B's at K R 3, Q 4, and Q Kt 6th. White to play and mate in four moves.

ENIGMA NO. 99.—BY HERR KLING.

White.—K at his R 4; Q at her B 3; R's at K B 3, and K B 7; B's at K 6, and Kt 3d. Black.—K at his R 6; Q at Kt 8; R at Q 4; B's at Q R 6, and Q 6; P's at K 2, and K R 3d. White to play and mate in two moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

White.—Philadelphia.	Black.—Boston.
22. P to Kt 4	R to Kt 2
23. P to K R 4	R to K 4
24. K to R 2	Q to K 2

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.
White.—X. Y. Z.
20. Q to her Kt 3
21. B takes Kt
22. P to Q R 4

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRIZE.
Black.—X. Y. Z.
16. P to Q 5
17. Kt P takes B
18. Q Kt to Q 2

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.
Black.—Lopez.
7. B P takes P
8. K 2d P takes Kt
9. K B P takes Q

BETWEEN H. A. B. AND CRICKETER.
White.—H. A. B.
3. K B to Q B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4
5. P to Q B 3

BETWEEN R. W., JR., AND G. H. H.
Black.—R. W., Jr.
1. P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

ANDERSON'S WORK ON DRAUGHTS.

Two work, the most reliable Draughts book ever published, containing the Standard Laws of the Game, a numerous games, diagrams, &c., &c., is now for sale at the *CLIPPER* office. Price, \$2 per copy. Copies forwarded to all parts of the country on receipt of the price.

A CARD.

New York, January 23, 1858.
DEAR SIR.—If agreeable to yourself and one of your correspondents, and if there be room enough in your columns, I should like to have my "measure taken" for a game of draughts. That is sufficient on that score, I suppose.

Now, while I have you by the button hole, allow me to ask you to stir up John and Champion D. with a short stick, and if that prove a failure, why, take off your gloves, "kick up a rumpus," and "handle 'em" roughly. I called at your saloon yesterday and "skewered" a copy of Anderson. From the rather hasty glance I have given its contents, I should judge it the best work on draughts extant—combining, as it does, Sturges' ideas in a more summary shape and better constructed arrangement than Bohn's edition of that patriarch, and I congratulate your contributors, on being able to procure this standard author, not only in a later edition, but at less charge than heretofore. But regarding the topographical appearance of diagrams, although those in Anderson are "fancy," I must say, I have never seen the *CLIPPER*'s excelled, in neatness, and a clear impression of the position.

I think I have seen in your paper, a statement saying where draught players meet, occasionally, in this city. Will you be kind enough to repeat the same, for the edification of his Satanic Majesty, LE DIABLO.

P. S.—"Adux, mibor, adux."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORA McFIMBERT, Toledo, O.—Dearest Flora, it gives us unalloyed pleasure to meet one so truly innocent and guileless as yourself, and at the same time so confident. We publish a solution of "three against two" this week, and assure you that it can be won quite as handsily if the Kings are situated in each double corner. We would suggest the following as the position of the men in the problem referred to by you: say Black men on 8 and 12, White King on 11. Let us hear from you again.

WONDER, Winchester.—Be kind enough to let up regarding "favorite contributors." Leave off this jealous "hue and cry," or you will become anything but agreeable to us. Your game has been examined, and we have decided to publish it, but shall "take our time." "Draw it a little milder," friend A.

ROY, Albany, N. Y.—Will inform you next week.

A. L. HUGHES, Cumberland, Md.—Solutions O. K. Many thanks. Don't forget to forward us something.

J. F., Philadelphia.—Your card next week.

SAM TWILVER, Sonquehanna, Pa.—O. K. Glad to hear from you.

G. R. MARDES, Salem, Mass.—Thanks. Your letter is a "stunner." Will publish a position from you soon.

KNOW NOTHING, Lancaster, N. Y.—Thanks for many favors. Your game appears this week. More anon.

LE DIABLO, New York.—Right welcome. Your letter is really refreshing. Send us along "subtly."

DUSTY, New York.—Will reply to you next week. Be kind enough to pass our sincere regards to "Foo Foo," and say that it will prove acceptable.

ON THE SQUARE, Williamsburgh, N. Y.—You are just what your name would indicate, and we like you. As the "Widder Bedott" beautifully remarks—"con-tin-er."

ACQUETON, Winchester, Mass.—Have patience, friend. We acknowledge that we have the Positions named in your note. Will inform "Harry" in our next.

T. L. GRAHAM, New York.—Thanks for the Positions forwarded by you. We will examine and report in our next issue. Draught correspondence should be directed to Draught Editor of the *CLIPPER*. Let us hear from you again.

A. F., New York.—Move received.

GREENHORN, Brazer Falls, N. Y.—A. F. accepts your challenge—choosing White and moving 22 to 17. Patriotic writes: "If Greenhorn says yes to 11 to 16, move me 22 to 18." What say you?

ALONSO, Salem, Mass.—We plead guilty—but "recommend ourselves to mercy."

J. M., of Quincy. You are not forgotten. Thanks for your Position. It shall be examined. More anon.

AMERICAN, Buffalo, N. Y.—Certainly, we do wish you to become a "regular contributor." Will attend to that "first Position." Do not know where you can procure Drummond's work. Send along those Positions.

CLYDE, New York.—Others are ahead of you in the "Greenhorn" match. O. K. regarding 17. Let us hear from you often.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 182.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 27 to 23	19 to 26	3. 32 to 28	13 to 22
2. 16 to 14	9 to 25	4. 22 to 24	and wins.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 184.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 14 to 9	5 to 23	4. 22 to 18	23 to 14
2. 20 to 26	23 to 30	5. 17 to 23	and wins.
3. 31 to 26	30 to 23		

SOLUTION OF PRACTICAL END-GAME.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 18 to 16	6 to 1	4. 9 to 6	28 to 32
2. 14 to 9	24 to 28	5. 19 to 14	5 to 1
3. 28 to 19	1 to 6	6. 24 to 19	and wins.

* If the move the other man it is perfectly obvious that the same tactics will win.

** Solution of "A Nut from Drummond," next week.

GAME NO. 95.—NEW SERIES.

LANCASTER, January 16, 1858.
DRAUGHT EDITOR.—Please find a game on New York Opening, played between myself and a friend, without analysis, a regular off-hand affair, with notes attached by K. N.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
K. N.	K. N.	K. N.	K. N.
1. 11 to 16	23 to 19	16. 18 to 26	29 to 22
2. 8 to 11	26 to 23	17. 9 to 14	22 to 18
3. 4 to 8	50 to 26	18. 14 to 23	27 to 18
4. 9 to 14 (a)	22 to 17	19. 6 to 10	16 to 6
5. 15 to 18	19 to 16	20. 1 to 10	18 to 14
6. 10 to 19	24 to 16	21. 10 to 17	21 to 14
7. 12 to 16	17 to 10	22. 8 to 11	14 to 10
8. 7 to 14	28 to 24 (b)	23. 11 to 15	10 to 7
9. 16 to 10	23 to 7	24. 16 to 18	7 to 3
10. 3 to 28	26 to 22	25. 18 to 22	3 to 7
11. 2 to 7	23 to 16	26. 22 to 26	7 to 10
12. 7 to 11	31 to 26	27. 25 to 30	10 to 14
13. 11 to 16	26 to 22	28. 20 to 26	14 to 18
14. 16 to 9	22 to 15	29. 26 to 31	18 to 22
15. 14 to 18	25 to 22	and Black "caved."	

(a) When I play first side I prefer 15 to 18.

(b) This is the variation mentioned by J. McL. The Buffalo amateur went 5 to 9 instead of this.

(c) At this stage, J. McL. said Mr. D. had no other living

wayward Camille had not yet been announced in her posters. It is hoped that, if Miss Heron should offer to reappear in Albany, the Albanians will show their detestation of such "baby-act" by absenting themselves from the theatre when that lady performs.

Death has been "taking off" several members of the dramatic profession recently. Mrs. Craft, an actress, and wife of Professor Craft, leader of the orchestra of the Theatre, in St. Joseph, Missouri, died on the last from an overdose of laudanum, which she is said to have taken with intent to take her life. She was a native of London. The performance at the Charleston, S. C. Theatre, was suddenly terminated, the other evening, by Mr. Dyon's announcing to the audience that Mrs. Marchant, (formerly Miss E. Raymond, of Burton's theatre,) who had just been delighting them with her acting, had died of heart disease a few moments before.

Mr. Proctor is playing at the theatre, Pittsburgh, and Gardiner Coyne is doing that same at Masonic Hall, in the same city.

Mr. J. E. Owens was playing last week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

Mr. and Mrs. John Drew are at Mrs. Bowers' theatre, Philadelphia. Equestrian and dramatic performances are now being given at Welsh's National, Philadelphia. Mr. Luke Rivers, H. Bertine, L. Lipman, N. Nagle, W. H. Gardner, M. L. Robert, M. L. Camille, and others of equal merit, compose the company.

Carl Fornes makes his first appearance at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on Wednesday, 27th inst.

"Burke's Original Troupe of Nightingales" were, giving performances at Aspinwall, at latest accounts from that place.

The mother of Madame Lagrange is to appear at the Italian opera, Paris, shortly. She fell into a cellar, a short time ago, and came very near being killed seriously, but, after her life for some time, she recovered. Doubtless this fact will be sufficient to attract the "frog eaters."

Marzetti, with his opera troupe, threatens to leave Havana for New York the latter part of this month.

Regarding the Corby Minstrels, now so successfully performing in London, the *Evening Standard* says: "We had imagined that the days of the banjo and the bones were past, when suddenly the Corby Minstrels appeared in the field with the prestige of having performed some 800 or 900 times in New York. That their prestige has been well deserved is evinced by the numbers who nightly and daily crowd the Polygraphic Hall, King William street. Their sentimental songs, their comic dances, their peculiar dances, their imitable burlesques, all stamp them as favorites with the public, whom they invite to meet them twice a day throughout the week."

A new burlesque, called "Jersey Impudence and Philadelphia Assurance," has just been produced at Sanford's opera house, Philadelphia, and Mrs. Barney Williams had just concluded an engagement at Limerick, Ireland, and Mr. Roberts, the American tragedian, succeeded them.

The London *Evening Standard* says: "A dramatic garrotter." When Mr. Rachel, the great tragedienne, died on the 3d of January, on her estate in Cannes, in the 58th year of her age. The fatal malady of which she died was contracted in this country during her visit to Boston in the autumn of 1855. It was greatly aggravated at Philadelphia, where she played a single night in a cold theatre, the performance being followed by a violent pneumonia attack. Her last appearance on the stage was at Charleston, S. C., where she played *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

Miss Kimberley recently brought out at the Pittsburgh Theatre a murder piece, "Fondled on fact." The powers that be attempted to prevent the performance, but Miss K. exhibited back bone, and the piece was played, for which act, she has been held in \$1000 to answer. She will make more than that by this last act.

The "Sons of Malta," a sort of "lager beer" affair, is in course of preparation at the Boston Athenaeum.

The Florentines concluded their engagement at Mobile on the 16th, to a splendid house. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallace, Jr., succeeded them, and commenced their performances on the 15th. They were greeted by a full and fashionable house.

Miss Susan Denis had a benefit at Buffalo, on the 22d inst., on which occasion Mr. H. Huntington made his first appearance in three years, as *Ginger Snaps*, in "The Mummy."

The "French Mountaineer Singers" were giving concerts in Mobile. Who they are, and what they are, are matters with which we have not yet been made acquainted.

Mr. Charles Woodman, the "celebrated two-voiced vocalist," sings his own praises in the London papers. He is willing to enter into negotiations with managers, and is willing to accept of the offer of Mr. McMahon, and Mr. Lorraine completed their engagement with the "F. V. V." at Richmond, on the 23d. It is said that the Virginians were pleased; but whether with these stars, or the conclusion of their performances, dependent sayeth not.

Messrs. Henry Wallace and James Bennett are looked for in this country next month.

The Stames Ambassadors, accompanied by the Mayor and a portion of the municipal body, visited the American circus, at Birmingham, Eng., recently. The building was thronged, and the illustrious foreigners were welcomed with true British cheers. They expressed their wonder at the daring feats of Robinson, the celebrated bareback rider. The easy and elegant execution of the feats of the Madigan, whose warm applause, as also had the Indians and Bedouin Arabs, whose agile powers caused much excitement and astonishment.

The government of Brazil has invited proposals for the construction of an immense theatre at Rio de Janeiro. The author of the plan that may be adopted is to receive a premium of twenty cantos, or a little over \$10,000. The two next best plans are to receive a premium of \$10,000, and a little over \$4000 and \$2000. The proposals are to be sent in within nine months from the 15th of November last.

Mr. Plunkett has "opened out" at Syracuse.

Mal Peel and his minstrels were last in Memphis, Tenn.

A Boston correspondent says that the Metropolitan burlesque opera troupe, which performed at the Boston Melodeon a short time since, are about starting on a tour through the Western States, and have secured the services of Mr. Joseph N. Ford, Jr., as agent. The company will be composed of the following artists: viz. Frank West, bones; Harry Blanchard, banjo; William B. Brown, tambourine; (late of the Croala Minstrels); John C. Woodworth, accordionist; Harry Burton, violinist; Joe Mairs, burlesque fancy dancer; Billy Bray, the Albany Rattler; C. Dockstead, basso; Charles Brown, pianist, (late of the Croala Minstrels). The whole under the management of L. W. Myers.

The Morris Brothers, Peck and Henry's Minstrels, are doing a rushing business at the theatre in Philadelphia. Johnny Peck injured himself the other night, but he is getting better, and will soon be able to perform as usual.

A Chicago correspondent, "Fair Play," under date of Chicago, Jan. 18th, says: "In this week's *Chicago* a correspondent from this city, who signs himself 'Drama,' is speaking of theatricals in this place, states that the circus at North is very good, but the less said about the dramatic the better. Now, sir, Mr. 'Drama' has made a statement, or else he is entirely ignorant of the dramatic company at this establishment; the entire press of Chicago have unanimously pronounced it the best company west of New York; as a proof of which, we are doing a splendid business in opposition to the best stars in the country at McKicker's theatre. We play no stars, and most of our company are known to you, Mr. Editor:—G. J. Arnold, leading man, pronounced by the people and press of Chicago the best stock actor in the West; J. Flood and J. B. Turner, well known to New York people; J. A. Lord, one of the most promising young actors on the American stage; Harry Lind and J. McCutcheon, low comedy; Desha Broach, first old man; W. Jameson, H. Melmer, Sherry, Radcliff, and J. Conroy, pantomimist; Miss Alfred, leading lady; Mrs. Hanchett, first old woman; Miss McWilliams, Mrs. Ray, &c. Several members of the dramatic art have died in this city recently. Mr. B. Conroy, Mr. J. B. Buckstone, Mr. Humphries, Mrs. Flood, and poor Jack Sargent, Shuler, and many others, rest in peace with them. McFarland has closed the old Chicago theatre, it was no go.

Bob Edwards who for some time has had the concert room, corner of Second and Coates streets, Philadelphia, has at last taken deep root, and is doing a smart business, having lately added the two Chinese jugglers, Ching Foo and Ching Moon, to his company. He intends shortly to introduce (as an attraction) a crib scene in Tom and Jerry, and has engaged the services of two well known sparrers. The Boston Odeon, Second street, above Race, has also met with decided success in consequence of the admirable manner in which the entertainments are conducted; everything here goes on like clockwork. It is decidedly the best business in opposition to the best stars in the country at McKicker's theatre. The following are the persons who are attached to the place: George Langdon, Bob Sheppard, C. Kendall, A. Baquin (late of Buckley's troupe), and John W. Neil (late of the Walnut Street Theatre.) Miss Fanny Forrester, Miss Louisa Payne, Ida White, and Anna Stetler. The singing of this lady is well worth the price of admission. At the South they have lately engaged the services of Miss Julia Price. Old Jim Lewis, and Bill Bloomer, Negro performers, are now on the shelf, looking out for chances.

Billy Birch and his minstrels are said to have been quite successful in their recent performances in Chicago. We are glad of it.

Mrs. Farrow and Miss Fanny Farrow commence an engagement this week at Buckland's Theatre Royal, Montreal.

Mr. Melville, the California and Australian equestrian, who recently arrived in New York, has been engaged at the Broadway Theatre. He rides without saddle, and is said to be a great artist in his way.

The Boston folks don't like Herr Forman pretty well.

Ulmans' opera season. Philadelphia does not promise to be very harmonious. The houses thus far have not been full, and it is very likely owing to this fact that the manager has determined to charge fifty cents extra for reserved seats. The Philadelphians will not stand this sort of extortion, and Mr. Ulman will soon discover that he is on the wrong track.

The "Colored Dramatic Troupe" gave another of their unique performances at the Howard Hall, Boston, on the 26th. "Douglas, or the Noble Shepherd," was the play.

SPARRING.

SPARRING EXHIBITION.—On Friday night, Jan. 22d, the sparring exhibition announced for the benefit of Phil. Clare, was held at Kerrigan's Military Headquarters, 22 White street. Although Phil. Clare has never been ready in assisting others under similar circumstances, yet some years have now elapsed since he made an appeal to the public on his own account. The high estimation in which he is held by the sporting fraternity of this city was very clearly evinced by the large attendance on the occasion; the spacious room at Kerrigan's being densely crowded by his friends and admirers. The first set-to was between Higgins and Young Barry, and was well received. Scotty, of Brooklyn, and Welch of London, next donned the m's, and made an excellent set-to, the former proving himself to be a thorough master of the "manly

art." Johnny Roach and McCready, of Glasgow, made their appearance; the latter, however, in addition to being "half seas over," was no match for his active opponent. Jim Irving and Jack Adams were the next that showed on the stage, and their display created considerable amusement to the audience. Young Poole, of New York, and Freeman, (a colored professor of the art) made a splendid show; the latter exhibiting remarkable activity, as well as a complete knowledge of the science of sparring. The appearance of the next two, Phil. Clare and the Novice (whose challenge to fight Coburn elicited no reply from Joe,) was a signal for a general round of applause, showing the popularity of the benefactor with "the boys;" and which was repeatedly renewed during their passage-at-arms. A good deal of curiosity was manifested to see the Novice set-to, so as to be able to form an estimate of his pretensions. Although he had a very accomplished sparrer to contend against in Phil. Clare, the Novice plainly showed that the name was a misnomer, as he displayed abilities as a boxer of a very high order. He is a quick hitter, stops well, and there is an appearance of "true grit" and stamina about him that favorably impressed his observers. We understand his challenge to Coburn yet remains open, and it may possibly lead to business between them. Several other parties set-to, and the wind-up was given between Phil. Clare and Con. Fitzgerald, in regular ring costume, and was heartily applauded. The veteran Tovee officiated in his usual happy style, as Master of the Ceremonies, and under his able superintendence the proceedings were conducted in the happiest possible manner. We heartily congratulate Phil. Clare on the success which attended his appeal to the public of the city.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

SPARRING EXHIBITION EXTRAORDINARY.—GREAT GATHERING OF THE DISCIPLES OF FISTIANA!—On Friday evening, January 22d, terminated one of the best exhibitions it has been our pleasure to witness for a long time. It was for the benefit of the renowned PHIL. CLARE, who is undoubtedly one of the best sparrers in the country. He has always been willing to come forward, when appealed to, on similar occasions, and when ever he did appear, there were always seen the greatest gatherings. On this occasion, the audience was completely and agreeably surprised at the superior order of boxing. From the fact of his not having a long list of sparrers' names on the bills, some supposed that the number of boxers would be few and far between. But they were disappointed on that score. Those that were on the bills, did come, and a host of other good ones, too, were on hand. This is as it should be. Never put names on the bills, but those whom you can depend on—and if, as on this occasion, they are good men, there will be no trouble in finding others, when it is time to commence the sport. Let this exhibition be looked upon as a model for future ones. The audience, too, was of a very respectable order, and we noticed quite a number of the "big guns" of the sporting fraternity present. After a few preliminary remarks, the Rev. Father Tovee opened the meeting in his own felicitous style, and introduced to the audience YOUNG BARNEY AND YOUNG HIGGINS, of Sing Sing, who appeared to be very shy, and spent too much time in looking at each other. B. is only a novice, and, therefore, we could not expect much. There was some wild hitting and rallying. We should like to have seen Higgins set-to with some one better versed, and then the audience could judge better of his merits. They disappeared to make room for SCOTTY, of Brooklyn, and WELSH, of London. Every body was on the *qui vive* when they showed, expecting something extra. But it was a one-sided affair. Scotty having the "papers" pretty much all in his own hands, after the first round. We thought Welch might have done better, but he was afraid of Scotty's rushing tactics, and wouldn't hit, when he might have easily done so. S. also administered some terrible upper-cuts—for which he is noted. When once he gets his favorite hold with his left round his opponent's neck, he administers "pepper" in a style which few can stand.

After them MIKE HICKEY and KELLY tried it on. They are both excellent sparrers; at once they rattled away at a fearful rate. Kelly is the heaviest, and hardest hitter; while Mike is active, and quick on his pins, thus enabling him to hit and get away quickly. He is the best at out-fighting, while Kelly shines in close quarters. They were loudly cheered.

Then came JOHNNY ROACH, of New York, and MCCREADY, of Glasgow—Mac is a large, powerful fellow, standing completely over Johnny—but, some how or other, Johnny kept hitting him as though he was playing on a drum, which bothered Mac considerably—but he couldn't help himself, and took it quite good natured. He needs a little more experience before trying the gloves on with such "boys" as Johnny Roach.

Next appeared JIM IRVIN and JACK ADAMS, both stripped to the buff, showing off to great advantage their well-built muscular frames. Old Jack appears as smart as ever, frequently stealing a march on Jim, delivering his left and right on the mark and ribs, before Jim could get at him. Irvin makes a very good fair stand-up set-to with any one, but Jack's manœuvring confused him a little, and kept him laughing all the while. We never saw any one handle the gloves so naturally as Jack Adams. They were both applauded.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN and PHIL CLARE then stepped forward, and walked around for some time, each looking for an opening, then feinting, dodging, and trying to draw each other by every means in their power. For the first few rounds, it appeared about an even thing, but towards the last some severe counter-hitting took place on both sides. They both stopped beautifully several nasty looking blows, and the Unknown created quite a favorable impression. He is a fine built young fellow, and has a regular fighting "mug." If anything, Phil appeared to have a *little* the best of it. In cheering, first one and then the other, some one was *foolish enough* to sing out the Unknown's name, by giving three cheers for him, thus letting the cat out of the bag! Of course, we were highly pleased with this set-to—both the men being the best kind of "stuff." The cheering for them made the room fairly shake.

After that, SAM FREEMAN, (colored) and POOLE, had a friendly bout, and a very good one, too. The stopping, dodging, retreating, etc., were done to perfection on both sides. There was less hitting in their bout than any other one during the evening, from the fact that they were so well-matched. Sam Freeman is a very pretty and also showy sparrer, manœuvring continually—never idle, or standing still. He has very much of Molineux' style about him. He is also quick as a flash. Where both were so good, it is useless to attempt to decide between them.

Next came BILL DOW and FOLEY, (not Con. Foley,) two short, thick-set, muscular young fellows. They went at it like two blacksmiths pounding an anvil, so terrific was the hitting on both sides. It was a regular glove fight, and continued for over 20 minutes. They both had good tempers, and were as friendly when through as before they commenced. This set-to was much relished by that part of the audience who go in for *millng*. In this, Jack was as good as his master—either one taking the "cog" of Jack.

Then JOHNNY ROACH and YOUNG GOLDEN had a lively time of it. In this case Johnny was much too heavy for G., and decidedly had the best of it—but with any one of his own weight, G. will prove a troublesome customer. In his style, he's a second Bendigo—changing his position two or three times a minute—first right hand and leg out—then left, and so on. In fact, it cannot be said that he has any regular position, and this makes him a difficult man to get at. But Johnny is just the "boy" to study such things out, and he was enabled to show off in his usual easy and quiet style. He takes everything remarkably cool—and that's the grand point. Roach is one of our best sparrers.

TOM MACK and TOM BROWN had a friendly turn. M. is

undoubtedly the heaviest and tallest, but B. seemed to have a little the best of it. He is too quick for M., and also succeeded in turning M.'s tap on. They are both fine-looking men, and were applauded at the close.

Then followed JAM HUNTER, of Brooklyn, (who has recently returned from a trip to Europe, and has not appeared at an exhibition for more than a year,) and YOUNG MOONKY. They sparring very neat for a few minutes, when an incident occurred, which we seldom witness at sparring exhibitions. Moonky was attempting to hit his opponent with his left, when Jim ducked his head a little, and met him with a tremendous cross counter, which completely knocked M. senseless for a few seconds. It was feared he was severely hurt, but he soon came to, and wished to continue the sparring, but of course the audience would listen to no such thing. We were much disappointed, however, as it would certainly have been well worth witnessing, had it not occurred. Barring this little affair, there was nothing whatever happened to mar the pleasures of the evening.

Lastly, came the grand finale between PHIL CLARE and CON FITZGERALD—the two "big guns" of the evening. Before commencing, Johnny Roach informed the audience that Barney Lunney was in very bad health, and had been so since his return from California, and that it was intended to give him an exhibition, to come off at an early day, of which due notice will appear in the CLIPPER. It is hoped every one who was there will be present, to help along poor Lunney. He is well worthy of your patronage. Old Tovee, after returning Phil Clare's thanks to those assembled, assured them that what he could do towards the success of Lunney's benefit would be willingly done, and offered his services to wind up with Lunney. Good, old man! Now for the event. Immediately on assuming defensive operations, all hats were taken off, and all eyes strained to get a fair look at the men. Like two gladiators, they eyed one another for some time, stepping aside, advancing, retreating, and, in fact, getting ready for mischief. Like lightning, Phil led off with his left, but was neatly stopped by Con—Phil was more successful with his right, however, catching Con a nasty one on the ear—while Con returned slightly with the left on the right cheek. Whenever Phil led off with his left, it was generally stopped, but not so with the right—it most always went home. It was now apparent that he had not exerted himself so much when sparring with the Unknown, but was keeping it in reserve till the last. They kept it up for 15 or 20 minutes, during which time some severe blows were exchanged on both sides. At the end of nearly every round they clinched, and struggled for the fall, but on the crowd crying "off," generally "let up" on it. On the conclusion of the last round, however, to put a finishing touch to it, Phil gave Con an ugly back fall. This ended one of the best exhibitions ever given in this city. Everybody was satisfied, and in good humor. After cheering them till they got hoarse, the immense crowd dispersed in an orderly manner. We hope to see just such another assemblage on the occasion of Barney Lunney's benefit.

NED JAMES.

COBURN'S EXHIBITION IN PHILADELPHIA.—An exhibition was given at the Franklin Hall, on Monday, 18th inst., purporting to be for the benefit of Joe Coburn and the "Benicia Boy," which was about as poor an affair as could be got up, there not being one hundred persons in the room—one of the main reasons being the high price of admission—fifty cents. Joe, feeling confident of having a full house on the occasion, did not see fit to issue any tickets, and those who did attend had to pay at the door; the consequence was they came up scattering. As for the "Benicia Boy," whether or not he had anything to do with this exhibition, remains a matter of doubt; at least he did not put in an appearance. It is pretty well understood that this person was not in the city at any time, and if so, but very few persons saw him, if any. For some reason or other, which we are unable to account for, the sparrers of late seem to be scarce, and those who do attend are mostly amateurs. There appears to be two separate parties. The exhibit opened with a clever display between Joe Coburn and Weiss, and it was plain to be seen that Joe did not do his best—it was nevertheless a scientific set-to. Porter and Madison next put on the gloves, and "slathered away merrily," after which Caywood and Squibb tried their hand, when the latter had somewhat the best of it; if Caywood does not improve more than he has of late, we would advise him to quit. Young Mealy and O'Brien were now introduced, and went to work doing, the young 'un having the best of it all through; he bids fair to be a finished sparrer. The wind-up of the evening, between Coburn and Bill Keating, was next in order, and as there was a rumor that these two men were about to make a match, their sparring was witnessed with marked attention. Both toed the mark, and went to work with a will, during which Keating rushed in for a cross-buttock, but was considerably felled by Coburn quickly changing his position, and giving him the fall. At the close of the exhibition, the beneficiary returned his thanks to those persons who had assisted him, and he was very sorry to inform them that the Benicia Boy, in consequence of the small attendance, would not be present. Jimmy Smith, the Belfast Barber, acted as Master of Ceremonies, and performed the duties in a becoming manner. At the request of Coburn, Jimmy Fowler attended to the curtain rope in an admirable style, as there is always a difficulty attached to this duty, and the sooner it is put in working order the better.

Yours, BANQUO.

HIGGINS' EXHIBITION, which came off at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, on Monday evening last, was moderately attended. The sparring was in the following order:—Jack Adams and Jim Irvin, very good; Young Barry and Young Moore, from London—the latter very clever; Goldrick and Cordeel; Higgins and Simmons, a fair set-to; Irvin and Dickinson; Nalagan and Kelly, very pretty; Jack Adams and New York Chicken; Larkin and Hunt; Young Johnny Aaron and Old Bill Tovee—company much pleased; the wind-up was given by Young Johnny Aaron and Higgins. Old Tovee officiated as Master of Ceremonies.

BENEFIT OF BOB POOLE.—A complimentary sparring exhibition for the benefit of Bob Poole, is to be given at the Bleeker Building, corner of Bleeker and Morton streets, on Monday evening next, February 1st. We hope Bob will find a big company present on the occasion.

CARD.—Mr. Jas. Hart requests us to offer his heart-felt thanks to the good people of Boston for the many favors he received at their hands while sojourning among them. Though far away from them, he will ever bear in mind the true friends he has left behind him in Boston.

THE SEVEN AGES, either of man or woman, are full of incident and vicissitude, and scarcely any are exempt from times when some cosmetic preparation such as those produced at Dr. Gouraud's laboratory is positively required. The best way is to be forewarned and forearmed with preventives. Dr. G. has evidently taken this view of the subject, as is proved by the variety of choice toilet articles which he has either invented or prepared for our selection. The most prominent on our memory are the Italian Medicated Soap, the Poudre Subtile, the Lily White, the Liquid Vegetable Rouge, the Medicated Hair Restorative, the Liquid Hair Dye, and various other articles which the ladies are sure to approve of as soon as once honoring them with a trial. These delightfully soothing and highly medicated productions can be obtained of J. L. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; T. R. Callender, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia; and at Dr. Gouraud's laboratory, 61 Walker street, one door from Broadway, New York.

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MINSTRELS!
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The above Company commence their Series of Unique Burlesque Ethiopian Melanges on MONDAY EVENING, January 4th, 1858, and will continue every evening and Saturday afternoon during the season. The hall has been beautifully fitted up, and the Managers pledge themselves that no pains shall be wanting on their part to render this place of amusement for the play going public.

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AGENTS WANTED IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY TO SELL my Marked Cards, Strippers, Marked Strippers, Arkansas Trick Cards, 8 Card Monte Boxes, California Lotteries, Faro Cloth, Sewal Cloth, Trick Dice Tops, Patent Safe Halls, and a number of other "skipping toys" that I am about to issue, and a number of enquiry promptly answered. HURDIS YELL, Springfield, Mass.

FREE AND EASY UP TOWN.

WILLIAM BUTLER, CHILSEA MANOR ROOMS, CORNER OF 26th Street and Ninth Avenue, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that his Free and Easy is now in full blast every Saturday evening. On Saturday night the chair will be taken by a celebrated Amateur, one of the old school, assisted by some of the best talent up town. The best brands of Liquors, Cigars, &c., on hand. 41-41

LOOK A HERE.

CARDS THAT THE COLOR, SUIT, AND SIZE CAN BE TOLD BY the hand, (provided you know how,) and at any address \$1 per pack, \$5 per doz., and \$65 per gross. Instructions to read them of course accompany them, for without which they would be no better than an ordinary deck. Also Strippers, Marked Strippers, Arkansas Trick Cards, Instructions for playing them, &c., at the usual prices. Three card Monte Boxes, \$5 per set; California Lotteries, \$5 on cloth, \$1 on paper; Sewal Cloth, \$1; Patent Safe Halls, \$1.50; Faro Cloth, with cards and all the accessories for playing \$1. HURDIS YELL, Springfield, Mass.

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ON THE RECEIPT OF \$1, I WILL SEND TO ANY ADDRESS IN the United States, or Canada, free of expense, Marked Cards, made only in Canada, by which color, suit, and size may be told by the backs. [30-31] EUGENE SHERRILL, Potville, Pa.

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OR INVOLUNTARY EMISSIONS, DON'T FOOL AWAY MONEY upon "Rings," "Curative (?) Instruments," "Invigorating (?) Cordials," "Regenerators," "Buchu," "Quack Books," or pseudo "Doctors," hoping to regain lost health, for they always injure, but NEVER CURE any one; and now "show I unto you a more excellent way." Enclose a stamp, and address, in perfect confidence, your friend and former fellow sufferer, W. M. S. C. ADAMS, Box 176, Charlestown, Mass.

P. HEALY & CO.,
NO. 50 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers of
BOXING, STORD, AND CRICKET GLOVES. 31-4m

PAPER, PAPER, PAPER.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF BOOK, NEWS AND WRAPPING PAPER in the city. STRAW BOARDS AND STRAW PAPERS for Shipping. CANDLE WICK AND CUP WASTE. 29 BEEK, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman street.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

CORNER OF BRIDGE AND JOHN STREETS, BROOKLYN.—HARRY GRIBBIN begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends in Brooklyn and New York, that he has taken and opened upon the above Bridge and John streets, a new and commodious hotel, and a fine lot of the best brand of Cigars. His house is immediately contiguous to the Roosevelt Ferry, and he will at all times be glad to see his old friends and supporters at the above place. The Cigars and Bell's Life kept on file. 3 mos. 34

GAME FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE A great variety of GAME FOWLS, comprising English, Irish, Sefton, Native, Sumatra, Wild Indian, Mountain, and a fine lot of Stags bred from my imported fowls that were imported from Thomas Roscoe, Gamekeeper for the second and late Earl of Derby, in steamship North America. Also one pair of the old ones. 34-1mo. L. B. LEIGH, Dover, N. H.

ART AND SCIENCE OF MANUAL DEFENCE.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS patrons and the public that he is now ready to give instructions in the noble art of Self Defence, at his apartment on 208 Centre street. Those wishing to form themselves into classes will do well to apply immediately, as delay may preclude the possibility of their being admitted. Terms moderate, and every possible facility given for the prosecution of this healthy and invigorating exercise. 27-3m WILLIAM HASTINGS.

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THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, SEFTON, Bull, Bull, Sefton, Champion, and Gamecock, and two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities have no equals. Price, \$3 for one stag, or \$5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. M. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office. P. S.—Fowls can be sent safe by express. 11-4m

MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 19, 1856. These Tables combine the finest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not in any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely-adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all hopping or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country. All orders to be addressed to MICHAEL PHELAN, Rooms 786 and 788 Broadway, N. Y. Entrance in Tenth street.

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RICH AND INTERESTING.

TO THOSE WHO WANT BOOKS THAT ARE REALITY WORTHY reading, we would call their attention to the following list of new and original works. The most of these books are translated from the French of the most celebrated authors, and all of them are illustrated with beautiful COLORED ENGRAVINGS, which have only to be seen to be appreciated.

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Any Book, Print, or any article connected with the Trade, published in the United States or Europe, can be furnished by us. A large deduction made to persons who buy by the quantity to suit again. Our Complete Catalogues will be sent FREE to those who will write for them. Address all orders to HENRY R. G. BARKLEY, New York. We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 13-1m

"THE SOCIABLE."

JOHN MARRIOTT RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND the public generally, that he has just taken the Saloon, No. 21 ROSEVELT STREET, where he will be happy to see them at all times. Dogs trained in the most skillful and experienced manner, on reasonable terms. 23-2m.

LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING. THE BUTCHER, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1829.

The men now stripped, when Reynolds went up to Spring, and said, "I understand you have got a belt on, and whalebone in it; if you persist in fighting in such a belt, I shall put one on Langan." Spring replied, (showing a belt such as are worn by gentlemen when riding), "I have always fought in this, and shall now." "Then, replied Reynolds, (putting on a large belt, crossed in various parts with a hard substance), "Langan shall fight in this." "No, you won't," said Cribb, "it is not a fair thing." "Never mind," urged Spring, "I'll take it off," which he did immediately. Josh, Hudson and Tom Reynolds were the seconds for Langan, and the Irish Champion declared he was ready to go to work. The colors were tied to the stakes, and, singular to state, black for Langan, which he took off his neck; and blue for Spring. "This is new," said Josh, "but, nevertheless, the emblem is correct as to milling, (laughing,) it is black and blue; and I'll take one hundred to one, we shall see such colors upon their mugs before it is over." The time was kept by Lord Deerpark and a sporting Baronet; and Colonel Berkeley acted as the referee. Two and a half, and three to one on Spring.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On stripping, the but of Langan was much admired for its anatomical beauty; his arms also were peculiarly fine and athletic; and his nose looked like a fighting one. His legs were thin; his knees very small, and his loins extremely deficient as to strength. It was evident he had been reduced too much in training. Langan did not exceed 12 stone 4 pounds in weight. The Irish Champion was nearly two inches shorter than his opponent. Spring was in fine condition; cool and confident, and more than a stone heavier than his adversary. On placing themselves in attitude, the advantages in point of person were decidedly manifest on the side of the English Champion, to every unbiased spectator. The combatants kept at a respectable distance from each other, yet both on the lookout for an opening. Spring, at length made a hit, which Langan stopped with skill. The Champion slowly advanced, and Langan kept retreating backwards, till he was near the stake at the corner of the ring. At this instant the position of Langan was not only fine, but formidable; and Spring did not view it with contempt. The latter, in his right hand, and Langan's left eye received a slight touch. Spring got away from a heavy body blow. A pause. An exchange of blows, but no mischief done; yet Langan broke ground well. Another pause. Langan again in the corner, smiling, in a position armed at all points; Spring's eye measuring his opponent, but hesitating to go in. Langan endeavored to plant a body blow with his left hand, when Spring jumped away as light as a cork. Here Langan put his thumb to his nose, by way of disclaiming the powers of Spring. The latter stopped Langan's left hand. "Fight away, Jack," said Josh Hudson, "he can't hurt nobody." Some blows were exchanged rather sharply; when the John Bull Fighter and Tom Reynolds exclaimed, "first blood!" "No," replied Spring, "Yes," replied Hudson, "it is on your lip." A long pause. Langan made a good stop with his right hand. Some hits passed between the combatants, when they closed, and a severe struggle occurred to obtain the throw; both down, but Langan upmost. This round occupied eight minutes. "This battle will not be over in half an hour," said a good judge.

2. It was seen in this early battle, that Langan would require a quantity of "milling," and heavy "work," too, to take the fight out of him. Spring was very cautious, and appeared as if determined not to receive any of Paddy's clumsy thumps. A long pause. Langan hit Spring with his left hand on the body. The latter planted a tremendous face on the top of Langan's nose, that produced the "claret," but the Irishman shook it off like the late Gas Light Man. Good science displayed on both sides. After a long pause Spring put down his hands. The English Champion appeared to have made up his mind not to be hit; but to be liberal in the extreme to "give and not to take." Langan again displayed great skill in stopping. [At this juncture the left ring, or temporary scaffold, erected for the accommodation of the spectators, gave way with a tremendous crash, and upwards of one thousand persons, from the height of thirty feet, were precipitated, one upon the other, in one dreadful confused mass. The countenance of Spring, whose face was toward the accident, underwent that sort of sensation which did honor to his feelings and to his heart—he appeared sick with affliction at the circumstance, put up his hands, indicating, his mind was perplexed whether he should quit the ring or proceed with the battle.] Langan received a heavy blow on his left eye; and both went down in a close.

3. Both cautious. Spring put down his hands. Langan tried his left hand twice, but Spring jumped away. "Take care of your plum pudding, boy," said Langan, "he's coming." In closing, Langan went down. The slightest offer on the part of Langan to make a hit never escaped the wary eye of Spring, and the latter got away with the utmost dexterity and ease. Langan followed his opponent to the ropes; but Spring stopped a heavy hit. In closing at the corner of the ropes, both went down, but Langan upmost.

4. This was a short round. The Irish Champion ran in, hit Spring, and also bored him down. "You have got the great man down, at all events," said Josh.

5. Langan's left peeper was nearly closed; but in struggling for the throw, Spring went down lively on his head. Twenty-five minutes had elapsed, and nothing like mischief to either of the combatants had taken place. A long pause. Langan made two good stops, when he ran in, and by dint of strength he got Spring on the ropes; a severe struggle took place till both down. The spectators were now getting close to the ropes; and the whips were hard at work, keeping the space allotted to the combatants clear.

6. Langan received a nobber without giving any return. Another tedious pause. Spring, as lively as an eel, jumped backwards from a hit. Pause the second. The attitudes of the men were considered peculiarly fine at this instant. Langan appeared formidable. The English Champion put in two faces, left and right. Langan could not reach the body of Spring effectually; the left hand of the latter could not get home. In struggling for the throw, Langan was undermost.

7. The science and patience displayed by Spring rendered him a truly troublesome man, a very tiresome customer to Langan. The Irish Champion threw Spring in a good style.

8. Spring waiting at his leisure for Langan to commence hitting. Langan, however, was not to be so tamely "run down" without doing something like a chance offering itself. Spring put in a slight nobber, which produced an exchange of blows. A very long pause. Langan's left hand touched the body of his opponent. This was a tedious round. In struggling at the ropes, both down, but Spring upmost.

9. Without the Irish Champion run in he could not make a hit to a certainty. Both down, Langan undermost.

10. Spring got away from almost every blow aimed at him. In closing, Spring was thrown heavily.

11. Langan came up to the scratch smiling, and said, "You see I am always ready." Spring jumped two yards back from a body blow. An exchange of hits, but no mischief. Spring was again thrown.

12. In all the preceding rounds, though Langan had received several nobbers, he was not in the slightest degree reduced as to courage. On the contrary, he was as gay as a lark. Langan observed to Spring, "My boy, I can fight for a week." "Yes," said Josh, "for a month, if you get no better blows than you have received already. I'm sure it is not safe to the Champion; his honors are shaking, if not upon the go." Langan was thrown.

13. Langan's nose was pinked a little, and his left eye swelled up. In closing, both down.

14. The length of Spring enabled him to make a hit without any return. The caution manifested by the English Champion perfectly satisfied the spectators that he meant to give, but not to take. Langan, by strength alone, got his opponent down.

15. After looking at each other for some time, Langan bored in. At the ropes both were down, Spring undermost.

16. This was a tedious round. Nothing done. Both down.

17. "Go to work, Spring," from several of the spectators. "All in good time," replied Tom. "Never fear," said Langan, "I am ready for anything." An exchange of blows, but the combatants were out of distance. Both down.

18. Langan could not reach Spring effectually at the scratch; he therefore bored in. At the ropes, Spring tried the weaving system, till both were upon the ground.

19. Langan threw Spring out of the ropes; and, with much jocularity and good nature, observed, laying hold of Spring's arm, "If I sent you down, I have a right to pick you up." "Bravo! What a strange fellow!"

20. Both down, Spring upmost.

21. Langan stopped several blows skillfully; but he was not tall enough for his opponent. In closing, Spring went down heavily, and Langan upon him.

22. Napoleon or Wellington could not have displayed more caution as to moves upon the board than Spring and Langan in this battle. Spring put in a body blow in closing, both down.

23. Spring was undermost in the fall.

24. This was a good round, by comparison, with several of the preceding sets. Langan again put out his strength, and Spring was undermost on the ground.

25. The Irish Champion ran his opponent completely down.

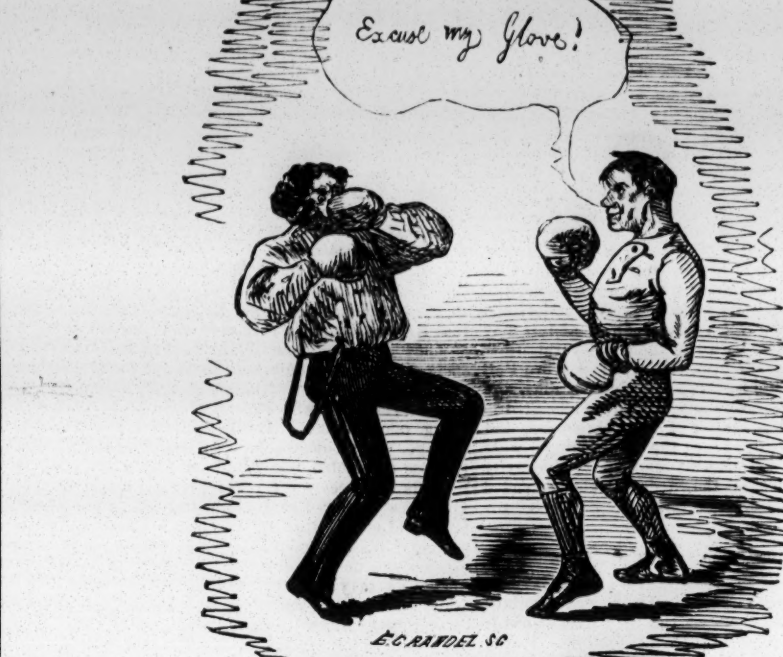
26. One hour and fourteen minutes had elapsed, and the Irish Champion still as good as gold. Langan took the lead rather in this round. He planted a couple of hits, and also threw Spring.

27. Langan, it was thought, had decidedly the best of this round also. He hit Spring, and in closing a severe struggle took place; but ultimately Langan threw Spring over the ropes. "Bravo, Langan!"

28. Of no consequence. Both down.

29. In this round Spring was thrown upon his head. "How well the Irishman throws!" was the remark.

30. In several of the preceding rounds Spring planted some faces; but they were not heavy enough to take the pluck out of Langan. "How bad Spring fights to-day," was the observation of an old backer of the English Champion. This was not the fact; Spring was to fight with more caution than usual; the blows of Langan were to be avoided at all events, if the battle was to be made perfectly safe to Spring. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing else but the truth, was that Langan's right hand was dangerous in the extreme, and a well-directed blow at a proper distance, either planted on the mark, or on the nob, might have reduced the science of Spring so effectively as to have given the odds on the part of Langan. He reminded us of the late Tom Hickman, who treated the abilities of George Cooper



HIS FIRST LESSON IN MANUAL DEFENCE.
A SLIGHT "TAP ON THE NOZZLE."

as "trifles light as air," when first matched against that accomplished pugilist. Langan had the most perfect indifference as to the powers of Spring; and he told all his friends, "I am little, it is true, there is nothing of me in person; but I have a heart in my body—I can bite him, I'm sure—well, only see, now." The conduct of Langan in all the above rounds verified these remarks. Langan napped a face; but Spring was undermost in the fall.

31. The left hand of the Irish Champion told on his opponent's body. Several blows passed between them, and Langan put in a hit on the side of Spring's head. Both down, Langan undermost.

32. Langan went sharply up to Spring, but he received a nobber and went down.

33. The Irish Champion, as fresh as a daisy, appeared at the scratch. In closing at the ropes, Spring endeavored to hit his opponent, but both went down.

34. If Spring did not please the multitude by his smashing qualities, his backers expressed themselves well pleased with the caution he displayed. Lots of blunt, as to long odds, had been sported upon the English Champion; but his friends began to funk a little, somewhat apprehensive from the strength and throwing of Langan, that ultimately he might fire out Spring. Some exchanges, but both down.

35. Langan hit Spring, but it was slightly. On the whole this might be termed a milling round. In closing, a desperate struggle took place, but Spring was undermost.

36. This was also an excellent fighting round. Langan laughed at Spring, saying, "You have done nothing yet." "All in good time," replied Spring, "I shall do it at last." Langan planted two heavy blows on the side of Spring's head; but the Irishman wanted length to do severe mischief. Both of the combatants fell down, and Cribb in the bustle likewise was on the ground.

37. Spring gave his opponent a nower; when a few hits passed between them, both went down.

38. Langan received another nobber, but he did not care about it. Both down.

39. This was a tedious round; neither of the combatants would go to work for some time. In closing, Spring obtained the fall and was upmost.

40. Langan kept trying his left hand, in order to punish Spring's body; but the latter got away so cleverly, that the blows of the Irish Champion were not effective. Spring undermost in the throw.

41. A desperate trial of strength on the part of Langan to obtain the fall, which the Irish Champion ultimately accomplished, Spring being undermost.

42. Langan planted two body blows with his left hand. Langan was thrown, and Spring fell down upon his knees.

43. Spring cautious, and Langan full of spirits. Most of the fighting men exclaimed, "He is the best Irishman ever seen in a ring." He is the greatest man alive yet." Here Martin observed to a Corinthian of the first brilliancy, and a high sporting character, "What a pity it is that the backers of Langan had no more judgment than to place him in opposition to Spring in his first battle in the prize ring. I feel quite confident that if Langan had fought a man near his own size and weight in the P. R. whereby he might have gained the knowledge and mode of London fighting, in all probability he would in time have become the Champion. If that plan had been adopted, I really think he would in time have defeated any pugilist on the list; he is one of the most extraordinary game men I ever saw." Spring had the best of this round, and Langan was fished down at the ropes.

44. Langan made an exchange of blows, but the Irish Champion slipped and went down.

45. The ring was getting worse every round. In closing, both down.

46. The men had not room for their exertions. The spectators were close upon the combatants, and the utmost disorder prevailed. In closing, Langan threw Spring.

47. Some severe struggling took place between them, the English Champion fished Langan till he went down.

48. No idea, by the best judges upon the subject, had been previously entertained that Langan would turn out half so good a man, except a few who were admitted to visit him, and the character also given by Reynolds. The Irishman said to amateurs, about an hour or two before the battle commenced, so little did he think of the talents of Spring as a boxer, "that he was ready to enter into a contract with him for seven years, and to fight him several hours every day." The face of Spring did not exhibit the slightest mark of punishment, but the left hand of Langan had told now and then upon his body. The English Champion appeared to be getting weak from the struggle he had had with Langan, and also from several heavy falls. Both down.

49. The rounds were now short; the crowd pressed upon the men at every step they took. Spring received a heavy hit on the side of his head. In closing, both went down.

50. Close quarters; an exchange of blows, and both went down.

51. Langan hit Spring, and also got him down.

52. The English Champion had no room now to jump away from his antagonist. Spring, in closing, fished Langan down.

53. Struggling for the throw, but Langan undermost.

54. The most roared ring had been for the last time. In the greatest disorder. The combatants' long poles were useless; while the whips of the fighting men were of no avail; and the mob was now up to the ring. Instead, the men would have been more at their ease in a saw pit. The true picture of it was reduced to the resemblance of a turn-up in the streets of London; the combatants had not three yards on either way to exhibit their tactics. Spring put in the most heroic nob of his opponent; but the strength of Langan in getting Spring down surprised every one present. Both down.

55. Spring received a severe fall and Langan upon him.

56. So much disorder now prevailed, that it was difficult for those persons who were placed out at a few yards distance from the ring to see the fight. Langan on the ground, and undermost.

57. Spring had not room to display much science, but he endeavored to hit Langan, as the latter rushed in at times. Spring had the worst of the throw in being undermost.

58. "What a prime fellow this Langan has proved himself to be! Where are the three and two to one, now? It is not decidedly safe to the Champion!" and a variety of other remarks escaped from the lips of the best judges of boxing upon the ground. The space in this period was so much reduced, that the combatants were fighting in a crowd, and in danger of receiving blows from whips and sticks. Cribb, at this instant, was so pressed upon by the crowd, that, in a violent rage, he declared he would give a floorer to any person who stood in his way. "Here's a pretty go!" said Tom, "a set of fellows, with books and pencils in their hands, pretending to be reporters. A parcel of impostors! I don't care! I'll hit anybody." One of the umpires, a noble lord, was hit with a prime bit of shillelagh by a rough Palladian, who was attempting to get a little space for Langan, and when informed that he was behaving rude to a nobleman, "Devil may care," says Pat, "all I want is fair play for Jack Langan. There is no difference here; lords are no better than commoners. Faith I can't distinguish them one from another, at all, at all. I only know that the strongest man has the best of it, although I have not got a 'dry thread' about me." Langan ran in and gave Spring a blow on the head; but, in struggling for the throw, the Irish Champion was undermost.

59. When time was called, "Here we are," said Langan. Spring had only time to make a hit, when Langan bored him, but Spring again had the best of the throw, Langan being undermost.

60. Nothing. Langan bored Spring down.

61. Spring had decidedly the best of this round. He made several hits, and Langan received an ugly throw.

62. "Go to work, Erin go bragh!" Spring has no hits left in him. You must win it, best Josh. Langan followed this advice, and a very sharp work was the result. Spring could not retreat. Fighting till both down.

63. "Go in, Jack," said Josh, "as you did the last time, and you will soon spoil his fine science. O, how I'd like to have this Champion, as they call him, for a customer. Langan, I could lick him to the greatest certainty in the world; and so can you, Erin go bragh!"

64. "By Jesus!" replied Langan, "you are a fine fellow, and here goes!"

Langan rushed in, and had his blow told, which was aimed with his right hand, it might have materially turned the battle in his favor. Instead of alighting on the nose of Spring, it touched slightly on the side of his head. In closing, the struggle to obtain the throw was violent in the extreme on both sides, but Langan got it; Spring came down on his back, and Langan on him, that the breath of the Champion was almost shaken out of his body. Spring was picked up by Cribb in a weak state, and while sitting on his knee spit blood, and also looked extremely pale. Here two or three persons hallooed out six to four on Langan, but the confusion was so great no betting could be made.

65. This round the English Champion put in a tremendous nobber, and also fished Langan down. "That's a settler," said a bystander. "Indeed it is not," replied Paddy. "Spring will not settle his account this time. By the powers, I have got a good balance to give him yet." [Laughing.] "Where's Jack Randall?" says Josh; "here's a countryman for you! He's an honor to Old Ireland. Go along, Erin go bragh! Spring's tired of it. He can't hit a dent in a pound of butter." Well done, Josh, said Spring, smiling; "chaff away, I'll give you all you can do, except winning." "We can't lose it," replied the John Bull Fighter.

66. Spring was still cautious; he would not give a chance away. Both down.

67. Langan's left hand told on Spring's body; but the Irish Champion received a nobber, and Langan seemed as if determined to have Spring down at all events. The struggle for the throw was severely contested, and Langan got Spring undermost.

68. Short; a hit or two passed, when both were down.

69. Langan's face looked the worse for the battle, but his eye retained all its fire and animation; the other peeper had nearly been darkened for an hour and a half. "I am sure," said Josh, "that Langan has made a contract with Spring for seven years; and this is a prime specimen of one of his fighting days." Both of the men were getting weak, but Langan always got up when time was called, saying, "I am ready." In the throw, Langan was upmost.

70. The ring was now in one complete jostle, and the rank of the crowd was now little more than pulling and hauling; and, in closing, both down. During the time Spring was on Painter's knee, Sampson, Oliver, and Israel Belasco were giving advice. "Hullo!" said Josh, "do you call this fair play? How many seconds is Spring to have?" and, snatching a whip out of a bystander's hand, with the strength of a lion, endeavored, regardless of any person before him, to whip out the crowd, and follow the fight.

71. Not a single person present in the above mob but received numerous blows, and was in great danger of having his nob cut to pieces. "Only give us a chance," cried Josh, "and we can't lose it." Nothing foul appeared to be attempted on the part of Spring, or on the side of Langan. The constables and their long poles were all mixed in the mob, struggling for breath; but the fighting men were calling out, "Clear the ring," and dead beat from the exertions they had made. Nothing less than a company of the Horse Guards could have made out a ring at this period, so closely jammed together were all the spectators.

72. The general opinion in the small "mob," the 24-foot ring, (which was nothing else but a crowd,) appeared to be that Spring would "win;" but, nevertheless, the countenances of Spring's backers indicated it was not quite safe. Spring had no room to get away; indeed, it was one of the most shameful tactics that the writer of this article ever witnessed; and Colonel Berkeley, the referee, said, "I am so disgusted with the treatment I have experienced, that I will give up the watch. Here is no ring. It is impossible to stand still half a second, without being assailed with a cut from a whip, or a blow from a stick, and no good done either." In no fight whatever was there such a scene of confusion in the space allotted for the men to fight. The battle was now little more than pulling and hauling; and, in closing, both down. During the time Spring was on Painter's knee, Sampson, Oliver, and Israel Belasco were giving advice. "Hullo!" said Josh, "do you call this fair play? How many seconds is Spring to have?" and, snatching a whip out of a bystander's hand, with the strength of a lion, endeavored, regardless of any person before him, to whip out the crowd, and follow the fight.

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74. The courage, confidence, and good spirits displayed by Langan excited the admiration of every beholder. He was too short in the arms for Spring; he could not reach his head without rushing in to mill. Langan left his second's knee rather weak; in closing, he was fished severely by Spring, who was well assured he had not a minute to lose. The English Champion was cool, felt his situation, and his knowledge and experience in the prize ring gave him the advantage when the necessity of the thing was required.

75. On Langan placing himself in attitude, "Go and fight," said Cribb to Spring; when the Champion went to work without delay, and Langan received a heavy blow in the middle of his head, and went down. "Twenty to one," said a swell, "he'll not come again!"

76. The Irish Champion appeared rather the worse for the last round, and on his appearing at the scratch, Spring commenced the attack, when Langan returned with great spirit; but Spring had decidedly the best, and Langan was fished down, his face covered with claret. "Take the brave fellow away!" "I will not be taken away—who dare say so?" urged Langan.

77. Spring was now determined to lose no time, and again went to work; but Langan showed that he was likewise struggling to obtain the throw; both down. "Take him away!" Langan's head rested on his second's shoulder till time was called. The "Springites" roared out, "It's now as right as the day. Ten pounds to a crown the battle's over in five minutes!"

78. And last, Langan, in a supine and groggy, but still full of pluck. Spring now administered heavy punishment with both his hands, and Langan fell down quite exhausted. Reynolds had great difficulty in getting him off the ground. Langan was in a state of stupor, and his eyes closed. Several gentlemen said, "Do not let the brave fellow fight any more; Reynolds, take him away; it is impossible he can meet Spring any more the way he is now." "Don't leave the ring, Spring," several persons cried out. Cribb told Langan, "The battle was over," and Painter observed, "Don't let so good a man be killed; he does not know at the present moment what he is talking about!" The umpire was asked for his decision, who said, "Langan did not come to fight when time was called; and therefore he had lost the battle, according to the rules of pugilism." Upon this answer and decision of the umpire, Spring, and the crowd, the shouts of the populace, Langan roared out, "I am not beaten—clear out the ring—I can fight for four hours." In the course of a few minutes, he left the ring; and, as he approached the Grand Stand, he was received with thunders of applause, and jumped over some ropes in his way with great agility. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-nine minutes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUTSIDE VS. INSIDE.

It is the hairy side of leather that cracks; and if harness is made (if double) so that the fleshy sides are outward, and (if single) so that the hairy side is next to the horse, it will not crack. The moisture of the horse will soften the hairy side; and the bend being so that the fleshy side is on the outside of the segment of a circle, no provocation is given to the inside of the circle, to crack. I have seen wagon harness twenty years old uncracked, simply by this means. The harness-maker will object to it, because he cannot put inferior leather in as he otherwise could. But our stirrup leathers are made so, and so are our shoes, and why not harness?—BRUSH.

FLATTERY is a sort of bad money, to which our vanity gives currency.

CURIOUS ATTACK OF ANTS.

RATS, MICE, AND ROACHES PUT TO FLIGHT.

One morning my attention was attracted at Laurel Hill, (Trinidad), by a number of blackbirds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D., who, at that moment, came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many blackbirds. She said, "Missis, dem be a sign of de blessing of God; de are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Missis, you'll see afore noon time, how de ants will come and clear de houses." At this moment, I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D's, I paid no further attention to it. In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their feet did not communicate with the floor.

They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them, and next, they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for, had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house, at all times, afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable. The chasseur ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who, as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-house. The windward windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the jack-spaniards on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies; it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room, I went into an adjoining bed chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chassers. I opened a large military chest of linen, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside; I suppose, that they must have got in at some opening at the hinges. I pulled out the linen on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chamber, built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state. I next proceeded to open a store-room, at the other end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get the key, I had to return to the under-room, where the battle was now more hot than ever; the ants had commenced an attack upon the rats and mice, and strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them, as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off, with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off in a very short period.

We next tried the kitchen—for the store room and boy's pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said—"Ah, Missis, you have got the blessing of God to day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning." I think it was about ten, when I first observed the ants; and about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the blackbirds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois deux trees in the neighborhood, darted down among them, and destroyed, by millions, those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sunset, the negro houses, were cleared in the same way; and they told me they had seen the blackbirds hovering about the almond trees close to the negro houses as early as seven in the morning. I never saw these blackbirds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen, but at such times.

DOWN ON NICKELS.

In the Western country, what one buys costs at least a dime or a half-dime, and nickel pennies or copper cents are just about as scarce as "just men made perfect" in a political convention. Well, not long ago, a Down Easter tried to pass ten coppers upon a "Sucker," a native of Illinois, for a dime.

"What be they?" inquired the Sucker, in unfledged ignorance.

"I calculate they are cents," replied the Northerner, "can't you read?"

"I reckon not," said the other, "and what's more, old hoss, I allow I don't want to. What is cents, mister?"

"I vow to the judges," said the Northerner, "you are worse than the heathens. Cents is money, earlin. Ten of them are worth one dime. Can't you see? It says, 'E Pluribus Unum'—that's the Latin for 'Hail Columbia'—and here it's inscribed 'one cent.'"

"Look here," responded the Sucker, putting the thumb of his hands into his ears, and inclining his fingers forward, "you may run a saw on a Hoosier or a Wolverine, but I'm blamed if you can Yankee me with that convulsive stuff!"

Yank had to "go down" for his "pewter," and throwing a ten-pence at the Sucker friend, he left, exclaiming: "The fool must have a soft place somewhere, certain!"

REMEDY FOR BOILS.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it. It will draw off the matter, and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of sugar; grate in them a little nutmeg, then add a pint of luke-warm water. Stir well and drink often.